


The American King



BEN RHODES



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The American King

BY

BEN RHODES

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JUST AS IT IS
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO
HUMANITY

The American King.

CHAPTER I.

MINING STOCK.

The wind whistled about the corner of the house on the hill and the roses on the vines that climbed along the sides of the windows nodded and smiled in defiance as the bushes bent and swayed in the invigorating breeze.

“Ooh! how cold it is,” exclaimed Mrs. Meredith with a shiver, as she drew near to the fire; “who could imagine it to be midsummer.”

“It does not require much stretch of imagination for the people in the East to realize that fact, judging from the weather reports,” said Mr. Meredith as he glanced over the morning paper, “the thermometer registered ninety-four in the shade yesterday in New York. Give me California, with all its incongruities of people and climate.”

The sound of carriage wheels stopping before the house attracted attention. Mrs. Meredith arose and went to the window. “Paul, it’s Mrs. Hartwell. Poor thing, see how distressed she looks.”

A fair, young woman, of perhaps thirty years of age, alighted from a phaeton. The dark sealskin coat and

half mourning widow's bonnet which she wore made a strong contrast with the face, which was white and drawn with anxiety.

"I'll leave you two alone," said Mr. Meredith, kissing his wife affectionately and bidding her good-bye as they reached the door; then he descended the steps to greet the caller, and to relieve her from further care of her horse.

The visitor was received with a smiling welcome from the hostess, who exclaimed, "You are out early, my dear."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hartwell in an excited manner as she followed Mrs. Meredith to the cheerful sitting room, "I am in great trouble and have come to you for advice. I have just received notice that if my assessment of fifty cents a share on the Pilgrim stock is not paid by noon it will become delinquent and will be sold. What shall I do?" she ejaculated; "I am distracted."

"Be calm my dear," returned her friend, "you can accomplish nothing in that frame of mind."

Hannah appeared, saying that the butcher was waiting for the order.

"Order a roast of beef and a porterhouse steak," replied Mrs. Meredith, "and bring a cup of tea for Mrs. Hartwell."

"The cook has gone out to pay her assessment on some stock and the kitchen fire is out, so if you don't mind, mum, I'll make the tea here in your afternoon teapot," answered Hannah.

"I do not care for any tea, thank you," interposed Mrs. Hartwell, annoyed by Hannah's presence.

"But you look so cold and blue," returned Mrs. Mer-

edith dismissing the maid with a signal. "Here, drink this," she added, as she poured out a generous glass full of port wine, "it will warm you and give you courage. I wish that I could do something for you."

Mrs. Hartwell mechanically drank the wine, then replied: "If your husband could only raise the money for me I would be able to return it to him double in a short time."

"What is the amount required?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"Seventy-five hundred dollars," replied Mrs. Hartwell, "I have fifteen thousand shares."

"My dear, I do not see how it is possible to raise that sum," responded Mrs. Meredith. "We have recently gone largely into debt for a block of land, which Mr. Meredith now regrets having purchased, as he thinks that the market is beginning to decline, and I know he has'nt any money on hand at present. Cannot you dispose of half of your stock for the assessment and keep the balance?"

"No, no," returned Mrs. Hartwell, dolefully, "the price has gone down to almost nothing. Some one has been successfully bearing the market for a long time, and now all the brokers are calling for margins to be made good and will not advance a dollar upon any kind of stock. It is reported that many big dealers are unloading. The Pilgrim mine has been closed for want of funds, and rumors have been set afloat that it is worthless; but I know better."

"My dear, may you not be deceived?"

"Impossible," answered Mrs. Hartwell, emphatically.

"Mrs. Wilson is as dear to me as my own flesh and blood, and she has assured me positively that there is a large deposit of ore in sight, although she has not dared to divulge the whole secret to me."

"Is there no one that you know who could be induced to take the risk. Wouldn't Bascom, the cashier of the Transcontinental Bank, assist you? He surely cannot forget his indebtedness to your husband."

"He may assist me," responded Mrs. Hartwell, "but I have little hope in that direction. Gratitude is not one of Bascom's characteristics. However, I will try," she added, despondently, as she arose to go.

"Keep up your courage," admonished her friend. "Remember a determined will often wins. I shall be anxious to learn the result of your visit to Bascom and will call at your house this afternoon. Success attend you," she said, as she bade her friend good-bye at the door after further discussion.

Bascom, the cashier to whom allusion was thus made, was the son of an adventuress; he had been reared in luxury, educated like a gentleman and had lived in idleness upon the wages of his mother's sin until he was past thirty years of age. During that time he appeared a most devoted son. Through Mr. Hartwell furnishing bonds and otherwise interesting himself in Bascom's behalf he had been admitted as a book-keeper in the bank. Soon it was discovered that he was an expert accountant, and he became invaluable to his employers in that capacity. While there he met and married a silly woman, many years his senior, the widow of a wealthy capitalist, who was so infatuated

with him that she bought sufficient stock in the bank to make him cashier. A son was born to them and Bascom started on an era of prosperity. In the meantime the devotion which he evinced toward his mother in his days of dependence upon her entirely disappeared; he became neglectful of her and finally separated himself from her altogether. The mother went to New York, and in an illness that overtook her engaged attendance in one of the most exclusive hospitals, depending upon her son for assistance which she never received. Through the intercession of one of the physicians who had known her she was permitted to remain as a charity patient until the time of her death. Exposure had threatened Bascom for his heartlessness, but by paying the bills he managed to have the matter suppressed and had eventually attained the reputation of being one of the great financiers of the day.

Mrs. Hartwell hastened to the bank and, after vainly waiting an opportunity for an interview, was compelled to state her case in the presence of a number of people who were taking their turn at the cashier's window. Mr. Bascom received her with that icy stare of a bank official which seems to be constantly anticipative of the solicitation of favors and which usually succeeds in repelling the advances of the petitioner by its austerity. It was lost upon Mrs. Hartwell, however, who, after stating her position and noting the fixed rigidity of expression so forbidding to her cause, exclaimed in desperation 'You owe me this favor, Mr. Bascom, in return for the benefits you have received

through my husband; you need only to endorse my note. I assure you that my knowledge of the rich body of ore which is about to be developed is positive. You cannot possibly lose by the transaction, for it is only a question of time when the company will be paying large dividends and the stock which is now considered almost worthless will be selling for hundreds. My information comes direct from the superintendent of the mine, who would not mislead me, and it is through his advice that I have sacrificed all that I possess for money to pay my assessments. I implore you, Mr. Bascom, do not refuse me this favor," she said, as she saw him unmoved by her appeal.

To one who knew him well only the glitter in the eyes of the cashier would have betrayed the intense interest with which he listened to the earnest entreaties and the information which he received from the woman before him, but his face remained cold and immovable. At last he said, in calm, unimpassioned tones: "I am indeed sorry, Mrs. Hartwell, but my personal funds are invested; and the mere fact of my endorsing your note, when it is known that you are speculating in stocks, would be sufficient to create distrust in the bank: and the bank, you know, must, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion. It is against the rules for any of the officials to speculate; I am therefore powerless to help you," he said in a manner which admitted of no further controversy.

He spoke in a needlessly loud and distinct tone and the stones in the marble walls, as if pervaded by his spirit, seemed to throw back the sound in mocking accentuation of his words. They would have been

cruelly embarrassing to the pleading woman had not the sting of his ingratitude been so keenly felt by her. As he ceased speaking he closed his lips significantly, and Mrs. Hartwell knew that the interview was ended.

It was nearing the hour of noon, only fifteen minutes remained. She felt that it was useless to appeal to any one for aid, but like a drowning person she was ready to grasp at a straw. She determined to see Mr. Meredith. Entering his office in the bank building, she learned that he had left only a few moments before her arrival, and was not expected to return for several hours.

Then she visited her broker, who advised her to permit him to sell her stock for whatever he could get for it and save something from the wreck. Having no alternative she acted upon his advice, relinquished her stock and allowed it to be sold at once, realizing but little above the amount charged for brokerage.

She had built her hopes upon securing a fortune, instead ruin stared her in the face; she had been very brave up to the last moment, when suddenly all seemed to become like blackest night. The situation appalled her. Educated like many girls with no special aim in life, she had never contemplated being thrown upon her own resources, and now that the position confronted her she was filled with consternation.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Meredith called at her friend's house to offer sympathy or congratulations as the case might require and found Mrs. Hartwell in the care of a physician who had diagnosed her condition as a critical case of nervous prostration from which recovery was doubtful.

CHAPTER II.

THE GREAT MINING DEAL.

Mr. Bascom, the bank cashier, was seated in an arm-chair before a massive desk in a sumptuously furnished room. His manner was cool, calm and deliberate, as he read with satisfaction the last of several copies of an article which he had just finished writing, and which contained the startling head-lines: "Expose of the most gigantic swindle ever perpetrated upon a confiding public. An indignation meeting of the former stockholders of the Pilgrim mine has been called and an action against the conspirators will be taken at once. It has been learned that a large body of the richest ore has been boarded up and covered with debris, while the stockholders have been systematically swindled and assessed until nearly all have relinquished their stock, which has been bought in at nominal figures by the operators."

All the copies, except one with further details and instructions intended for the press, were folded and placed in large envelopes, directed and sealed with wax, upon which Mr. Bascom carefully stamped his monogram. He then pulled the bell cord and settled back in his chair to await his valet who soon entered.

"Larry, here are four envelopes, which I wish you to keep until one o'clock to-night, unless I call for them before that time. If I do not, you are to deliver them without delay to the news department of the offices to which they are addressed. The envelope upon which your name is written you will open when you return

to your own room after the delivery of the others only, and follow implicitly the instructions that you find inclosed whether you see me again or not. When Mr. Sutton comes show him in."

Larry listened attentively, saying "Yes sir," as he bowed deferentially and retired.

Bascom rested his head back against the chair in which he was seated, his brow knitted, his chin was firmly set. "What will the morning bring forth?" thought he, "riches, poverty, prison or exile? I am all prepared for the latter if it comes to that. A steerage passage to China in the disguise of poverty I think will be effectual in aiding my escape. But by Heaven! flight shall not be necessary. It requires only nerve to bluff the truth from that rascal, and to demand a share of the plunder; the information I received was positive before Mrs. Hartwell's appearance today. My accounts in the bank are not safe from exposure for another twenty-four hours should they fall into the hands of any one without my supervision. Fate has led this woman to me to strengthen my determination. It is the chance of my life. I hold a winning hand."

Larry had been in the service of Mr. Bascom but a short time. Prior to his arrival in San Francisco he had been working in the mines in Nevada, a new hand fresh from the East; and on account of his lack of knowledge of ore, he, with several others equally inexperienced in mining, was selected to work in a shift directly under the instructions of the foreman and superintendent, who upon making connections between an upper and lower tunnel had accidentally

come upon a rich deposit of ore which gave indications of being a large body. This had been successfully concealed and the mine was being worked, it was thought, at a safe distance from the discovery. Several blasts were being prepared in a drift where the "tender-feet" shift were working. Upon being called to another part of the mine, the foreman left Larry and his gang drilling, and instructed them to charge and set off the powder after they had finished. They were a muscular set of fellows and some were skillful quarrymen, and the drilling necessary to hold the blasts had been much deeper than the foreman had calculated upon. Several terrific explosions followed, and when the smoke had cleared away, the foreman, who had been attracted by the unusual report, hastened to the mouth of the tunnel, and after expressing his disapprobation of the work, lighted his candle, bade Larry do likewise and follow him down toward the drift where the last blast had been made.

An immense body of ore glistening with wire silver was laid bare. Larry watched the expression of the foreman's face, who looked excitedly at the disclosure, with difficulty suppressing an exclamation.

Although Larry knew but little concerning the different compositions of the ores, he recognized the silver which stood out so plainly. He was about to remark upon the richness of the discovery when the foreman hastily turned and gave him the order to ascend to the tunnel above.

"There isn't time to do any more blasting to day," said he, indifferently. "You can tell the boys that

they can quit for tonight and say to the superintendent that I would like to see him."

The company had been in arrears in payment of labor, a policy that had been pursued in the interest of the owners, who from indications felt satisfied that an extensive body of rich ore lay concealed between the upper and lower tunnels.

That night the superintendent announced to the workmen, that owing to the shortness of funds with which to pay the bills, work in the mine would cease for a time. The miners were told not to wait around with the expectation of getting employment, as according to advice from San Francisco it appeared doubtful when operations would again be resumed. The men were paid and discharged, and in the morning gathered up their blankets and took an early start down the trail to meet the stage. In the meantime the foreman had kept watch at the entrance of the tunnel and at midnight was relieved by the superintendent, who thought it necessary to take all precaution against discovery.

Larry puzzled his brain a good deal over what he had seen, but the new hands had been given to understand that they had done a great deal of damage in putting in an overcharge of powder, and Larry said nothing of his suspicions to his fellow employees. Mining was not at all to his taste. He had always been a gentleman's servant, and he was determined to go direct to San Francisco and secure a position in that capacity. George Bascom was in search of a valet, Larry suited him and he was engaged. In giving ref-

erences he related to Mr. Bascom his experience in the mine, and his suspicions concerning the ore that he had seen, giving such an accurate description of the appearance of the drift after the blast, and the foreman's ill-concealed delight, that Mr. Bascom, who had considerable knowledge of mining, felt assured that a rich strike had been made and that the owners were keeping the truth from the public in order to buy in the stock. He watched its course on the stock board, noted the assessments and the decline of the price, which had never been great enough to attract any unusual attention. He searched everywhere for proof of his suspicions and had the principal owners of the mine shadowed until he obtained information that confirmed what Larry had stated. He bought large blocks of delinquent stock at small prices, and continued buying long after his own personal funds had been exhausted, appropriating funds of the bank and making false entries to cover his embezzlements. He secretly watched every movement of the principal owners of the mine, and learned that they were quietly buying in all the stock that was offered or had become delinquent. He had been forced to pay a large assessment of fifty cents a share, and his speculations had reached such a sum that he felt that sooner or later discovery was inevitable. Another assessment had been levied. Reports had been circulated that the mine was worthless. Investigation proved to him that little work was being done, while the assessments had been levied for large sums to cover expenses. Bascom knew that it was impossible to appropriate any more of the bank

funds without detection unless he could speedily replace them; he therefore determined to make a bold stroke and force from the owners an acknowledgment of the true condition and also a share of the plunder.

He rose from his chair and paced the floor exclaiming: "Tomorrow I shall be a millionaire, or a subject for the penitentiary. It is impossible to conceal my defalcations any longer; the check I gave yesterday must be taken care of tomorrow. Fifty thousand shares! If they rise to a hundred I will be many times a millionaire without counting on any further results. I am playing a desperate game, but desperate conditions require desperate chances." As he thought what the result of his failure would be, his nerve power predominated and he added determinedly, "I shall not fail." He paused before his desk and took a pistol from the half open drawer, examined it carefully and returned it to its place, when hearing a knock at the door he seated himself deliberately in the chair before his desk, resumed the cold impenetrable look of business that had become habitual with him, and in an abrupt tone said, "Come in."

The clock struck eleven.

"You see I am here on time," remarked the visitor with an air of condescension as he opened the door and entered, "what is this important business you have with me so late at night; let's get through with it," he added with an oath.

Hugh Sutton was a tall, powerfully built man, coarse and bloated with dissipation; his manner was arrogant in the extreme. He held his head with an air of dis-

dain as he looked at the man who had presumed to threaten him. He had called at the bank soon after Mrs. Hartwell's departure, when the cashier had convinced him that it was of the utmost importance to come to his house that evening, hinting at his discovery of the rich body of ore that was lying concealed in the mine, and of the swindle that was being perpetrated. Bascom had spoken so authoritatively that the miner had thought it best to heed the warning. He now stood glaring suspiciously at his would be tormentor, his eyes inflamed with brandy, while its fumes permeated the atmosphere with his every breath.

"Be seated, Mr. Sutton," said the cashier, in a dictatorial manner without moving his eyes from the face of his visitor. "I have something here which might perhaps interest you. It is a copy of a circular, or an announcement which is in the hands of the press for publication, subject only to my interdiction, and it is upon that business that I have requested this private interview," he continued as he handed a copy to Mr. Sutton for perusal.

The miner took the paper from Bascom's hand and commenced to read while the cashier looked penetratingly at him.

Bascom had many times won large sums of money at poker through nerve power alone. He felt that he was now playing for the stake of his life, and he summoned to his aid all the training and experience he had received in that school of effrontery, where upon many occasions he had made successful plays, under quite as

dangerous conditions as these which were now presented.

"What kind of a bluff are you giving me," challenged the miner defiantly as he finished reading. "Show down your hand!"

"I'll show down my hand at the proper time," returned the banker icily.

"Well, what do you want?"

"When you go from here I want you to announce the rich strike which you made two months ago in the Pilgrim mine and which must be published in the morning papers."

"I'll be damned if I will," thundered forth the angry miner, who, taken by surprise thus tacitly admitted the charge.

Emboldened by his success and ignoring the words and manner of the miner, the banker, motioning to a document that lay upon the desk, resumed: "Furthermore, you will sign this transfer to my account of one sixth of the stock, which your firm now holds."

"You damned blackmailer," cried the now infuriated man, as he made a motion to draw a pistol from his pocket.

"Stop!" commanded Bascom, as in a flash he snatched his weapon from the drawer and leveled it at the heart of his adversary, who quailed before the steady hand and tone of his antagonist and desisted from further attempts to draw his pistol.

"You see I hold a royal flush," said the cashier coolly, "and in the event of your having laid me out, the exposure of your transactions would be made pub-

lie just the same. A copy of your proceedings is in the hands of a third party, who will see that the stockholders, as well as yourself," he added significantly, "get their dues; so understand that my death would be of no profit to you, while my life is your only safety."

The game was becoming exciting. Both men were old hands at poker, and the training of each was receiving full play; but the odds were in favor of the cashier, who with his cool, clear head, had calculated upon every possibility. Sutton stood glaring at the banker.

"There is only a short time left," continued Bascom, "in which to keep this matter from the public. Sealed copies of the circular have already been sent for publication, unless instructions are received to the contrary within an hour. Your people have played a big game and you can well afford to divide the spoils to save yourselves from the fury of the outraged stockholders. Had you seen what I saw today you would not take any chance of exposure. You have gathered in stock enough through the simplicity of the people that you have swindled, and your share with me of the division will be small compared to the profits that you will receive through those transactions, and also compared to the loss which you would sustain through the discovery of your swindling."

Sutton walked to the furthest end of the room, then turned like a tiger about to spring on its prey; but suddenly paused and glared with fury and hatred upon seeing the pistol still in the hand of his relentless enemy and the icy glitter in his eye. For a moment he

stood watching for the slightest indication of weakness from the man whom he knew to be possessed of great nerve, then after a succession of oaths leveled at his tormentor he snarled malignantly:

"I'd like to know where in hell you found out so much."

"You see I do know," replied Bascom, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

Realizing his own true character, as well as that of his antagonist, the miner returned: "Well Bascom, we are a devilish pair of scoundrels, but damn me if you ain't the worst in the deck," he continued, bringing his fist down upon the table near which he stood with such force that the goblets on the silver tray fairly danced. Then taking a decanter containing brandy, he helped himself without ceremony to a liberal quantity, which he swallowed at a gulp, scarcely knowing what he did.

"Give me the pen," he said doggedly, as after a pause he advanced to the desk. "Curse you; you've won the game," he added with a sigh of exhaustion.

Bascom smiled sardonically.

"The boys at the camp will be paralyzed," continued the miner, thoroughly cowed into submission to the greater power.

"Send them a cipher dispatch and tell them to set the stock booming for all it is worth. You have already gathered in all the large amounts and have ruined many of the smaller stockholders; what more do you want?"

As the strong brandy began to take effect, the hardened miner grew almost hysterical from the reaction of the excitement. Bascom noted the change and followed

up every advantage, pouring out liquor for both himself and guest, who agreed with him that his nerves needed settling after such a deal. Sutton soon became maudlin and at Bascom's dictation put in cipher the dispatch which was to turn the tide in stock speculations. More liquor was drank and the cashier, finding his victim becoming helpless, rang for Larry to get a carriage to take him home, at the same time bidding the servant return the papers that he had given him, to exchange for others which he had already prepared.

The following morning the newspapers contained a romantic account of an accident in blasting, which had revealed an enormously rich deposit of silver carrying free gold. The news was extensively circulated, with a full description of the richness and extent of the ore body.

Intense excitement prevailed around the stock board, where it was found that very little of the Pilgrim stock was for sale. The price rose from fifty cents a share to four dollars and a half within an hour; from that it bounded up to ten. Before the stock board closed only five hundred shares could be found for sale at twenty dollars a share. Daily the stock rose; thirty, forty, fifty dollars was bid, with scarcely any forthcoming at those prices. Up it went. Luck seemed to come the cashier's way, and with the success of his scheme he became bold and paid the check, which was presented by an exchange. He was thus able to cover the most assailable point of his embezzlements by vigilantly remaining at his post, and sending therefrom nearly all the stock that was sold on the first day.

As the prices continued to rise, at Bascom's suggestion it was agreed among the owners of the mine to pool their interests and send out only such quantities for sale, as would whet the appetite of the public for more. The fourth day eighty dollars was bid for the Pilgrim stock; very few shares could be found. "It will reach a hundred," every one said, and all those who were fortunate enough to possess any waited. The hundred dollar mark was passed. A few sold at that figure and, regretting their haste as they saw it continue to rise, reinvested and made still more. The demand had become so great that few noticed that more shares were changing hands than in the beginning of the rise, while eyes glistened with the fever of speculation and success. The rush to buy still continued.

Bascom had easily made good his defalcations and waited for the great excitement which his careful manipulation was bound to create. To prove the truth of the report of the fabulous richness of the strike, visitors were freely allowed to inspect the mine. People went from San Francisco and all the neighboring mining camps. Claims were staked out in every direction, great activity prevailed in the mining district and in the stock exchange, where excitement ran highest; men and women invested in all sorts of mining stock, which rose sympathetically as the Pilgrim stock advanced in price. People who had not the means to buy high priced stock, found that it was easy to double their money in that which cost less, and all sorts of "wildcat" schemes were liberally patronized.

At ninety-six dollars it was agreed among the owners

of the Pilgrim mine to place more shares upon the market, as the supply had not begun to satisfy the demand, and at each rise thereafter a limited amount was sent out, which found quick sale and left a desire to obtain more. Thus it was the combination kept complete control of the market until nearly all the shares were disposed of and each of the owners had millions of dollars to his credit; and with the great volume of money thus concentrated and placed under the control of those unprincipled men, they were from time to time enabled to reap the benefits of innumerable enterprises that failed through its withdrawal from circulation as their interests dictated.

CHAPTER III.

THE EXCHANGE OF FORTUNES.

The Merediths read the detailed account of the strike in the morning issue of the daily paper, and the sudden rise in stocks.

"Oh, Paul, isn't it dreadful to think that poor Mrs. Hartwell is ruined by her losses, ill and incapable of earning a living, while our cook, who has become almost intolerable since the beginning of the rise in stocks, will be rich with her investments."

"Now my dear," said Mr. Meredith in response to his wife's remark, "you must stop worrying yourself so much over your friend's misfortune. I agree with you that her condition is deplorable, but it is upon the ruins of just such desolate hopes that fortunes and castles are built. It is an every day occurrence."

Norah, the Merediths' cook, had come to California in the early days, had worked as a servant in families at the advanced wages paid in those times and accumulated quite a sum of money. She had married a miner who added to her savings the fruits of his labor, and with their combined thrift they had established themselves as good, substantial citizens. Then the husband died, leaving his widow with three girls to bring up and provide for, and whom she was now educating in a convent. It was at this time that Norah began to aspire for greater riches. Her investments had yielded her only a comfortable living, and she was unable to supply the many requirements of her children, whose daily contact with the daughters of the rich had excited their

envy and made them ambitious to appear to equal advantage. She began to speculate in stocks. All her surplus funds found their way to the stock exchange, always with the hope of increasing her riches. At times she would make large sums, again she would lose. She had been induced to take five thousand shares of Pilgrim stock at twenty-five cents a share, when it was first put upon the market, and had persistently held her stock through several assessments. In preference to disposing of property with which to keep up the payments she had again gone out to service. Norah had been very independent as well as negligent at times, and was given to "tippling." She was, however, an excellent cook, and through Mr. Meredith's fondness for good living his wife had retained her, in spite of her neglect of her duties and of her person—for Norah paid but little attention to herself, and her carelessness had been so great a source of annoyance to Mrs. Meredith that she remarked upon it. Hannah, overhearing Mrs. Meredith, lost no time in reducing the language of her mistress to the vulgar vernacular of the kitchen, repeating it with sundry embellishments to the cook, for whom she had always entertained contempt for her want of cleanliness as well as the frequent libations in which she had indulged to Hannah's discomfiture.

Norah's star was now in the ascendant. The sudden rise in the stock that she held had, as a matter of course, rendered her useless as a servant. Her importance kept pace with her rising fortunes and she became insufferable to all except Hannah, who, in the excite-

ment attending the wonderful success of her fellow servant, quite lost sight of Norah's former defects and became her warm friend. She ingratiated herself with Norah by inciting her to anger through reiteration of the remarks made by her mistress upon Norah's untidiness, and joined her in denunciation of Mrs. Meredith for daring to criticise a lady of Norah's ability. Hannah and Norah had been indulging in a few friendly glasses, and becoming more hilarious as the liquor took effect, laughed hysterically at the idea of the new millionaire being discharged by her mistress. The rich Irish brogue, which hitherto Norah had kept under partial control, found full vent in her anger and intoxication.

"Is't discharged I am," said she, as she raised a black bottle to her lips and elevated her chin scornfully. "Is't the loikes of hur-r-r," she continued, rolling the r's with contempt, "as would discharge me—me—that could buy and sell hurselt. Huh! I'll do be showing hur-r phat a foine lady is loike. I'll be after having a sail-skin coat that tooches the floor, and I'll be buying the biggest doimond earrings that can be found in San Francisco. Shure its buying and selling the loikes of hur-r I can," reiterated the woman as she took another long drink from the bottle.

Hannah listened and nodded approvingly. "Shure, that you can," she said.

"Huh! Huh! Huh! It's dirty I am is it? Huh! the loikes of hur-r putting on airs wid me, a millionaire. Whee!—" screamed the now thoroughly intoxicated woman, as she rolled off the chair upon the floor. Then with a loud "Yip!" ending in a hiccough, she

tossed her foot upon the round of the chair from which she had fallen, disclosing a petticoat of indescribable filth and rags, and soon subsided into a drunken stupor. Thus lay the woman from whose rich Irish blood a coming generation of European aristocracy was destined to draw.

Norah, raised to wealth through the disposition of her stock at the most advantageous time, continued to speculate, meeting with but few losses and often adding large gains to her means. Following the example of her former employer, Mr. Meredith, the new millionaire invested shrewdly in real estate, which as stocks advanced took a steady rise in value. In the great mining boom later, when such astonishingly rich deposits of ore were discovered in Nevada, Norah was again fortunate enough to have in her possession a large block of stock in which she had invested at fifty dollars a share, and which in the excitement went far beyond a thousand.

Before the close of the year 1872 the Pilgrim mine, which had at first made large shipments of bullion to the mints, gradually "pinched out," and it was finally discovered that the body of ore was merely one of those large deposits found in pockets or chimneys. After much tunneling and expense the mine was finally abandoned and the costly machinery was left standing in the mountains for want of a purchaser.

The original owners of the claim had, however, all drawn out the fabulous fortunes which they had won through their operations, leaving those who were unfortunate enough to hold stock to sell on a market which declined so rapidly as to finally create a panic.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MORTGAGED HOME.

Let us turn back a few years.

The civil war had ended. The soldiers had been paid off and discharged. There was great rejoicing throughout the North, for the boys were returning home to the loved ones who had passed through long years of anxious waiting; but the trials and heartaches were forgotten in that grand reunion and all the earth seemed smiling and glad. Men and women went about with happy faces greeting and congratulating each other upon the safe return of their soldier boys, yet not forgetting the sorrows of those whose dear ones had died in prison, or found a grave in the far away South.

Prosperity was visible everywhere, for the soldiers had nearly all returned with plenty of back pay and bounties, and although they were paid in greenbacks, which, through the cunningly devised exception clause had become greatly depreciated in value as compared to the gold for which that exception clause had created a large demand and premium, still times were good, and the people were so happy that the monetary system, of which they comprehended so little, left them undisturbed.

There were homes for all the people, a quarter section of land for whoever chose to live upon it; and with means to build and improve, and crops commanding a good price, there existed a great incentive to men with families to settle and cultivate the broad lands which had hitherto lain idle.

Lieutenant Brookes had come to live in Northern

Kansas where he had sent his wife to join her family. He had been one of the first to respond to the call to arms, and as a private soldier had served faithfully and well during the first three years of the war. While thus exempt from further duty, he willingly re-enlisted and continued throughout the great struggle, receiving promotion from the ranks in return for his service and deeds of valor. Thrice wounded and once left upon the battle field as dead, he had dragged his shattered body from among the slain and lived to return to his family to enjoy the victory and peace for which he had so nobly fought.

After a week's jubilee he began to look about and to consider the proposition of farming: A fine piece of rolling prairie was selected, farming implements were bought and virgin soil was broken to lie fallow for the coming year's seeding. Houses and stables were built and all necessary improvements for a comfortable home were made; but farming machinery was expensive, as were many other necessities, and the money did not hold out. There was plenty of it in circulation, however, and times were good enough to warrant one's running in debt to get a good start; so a mortgage was placed on the homestead at one third its valuation. It would have been nearly all paid off when the second year's crops were harvested, but new machinery was needed and manufactured goods still commanded a high price, while farm products did not sell quite as well; still the ever patient farmer felt that he had no cause to complain, for large warehouses were being built in the principal towns along the railroad, and local buyers were plenty.

The farmers sold at the market prices, which he had been taught were regulated by the law of supply and demand, and it was better to sell to local dealers than to pay the heavy transportation rates with the inevitable loss of weight reported back from the larger markets.

The third year the earth responded liberally to the toiler, and the yield was unusually large. It was true that there had been a proportionately large increase of population and our international commerce had widened extensively, but the farmers were told that the supply exceeded the demand, therefore they were content to abide by the unchangeable law.

But with the requisite expenditures for repairs and the necessities of life, there remained only money enough with which to pay off the interest upon the mortgage. The next year there were hot winds and quite a drought and the yield was small, still the prices did not greatly exceed those of the large yield the year before, while stock which had been selling at good figures had, on account of the scarcity of feed, been sent to market in numberless carloads, thereby causing a decline in values. During this period the contraction of currency was steadily taking place, and with it prices continued to fall.

The good times for the people were gradually passing away, leaving those in a state of constant anxiety who, through the laudable ambition and the protecting laws of the country, had been encouraged to enter into debt to build up homes, while many were reduced to extreme poverty from which they never rose. Yet legislators and capitalists who had approved of the contraction

were becoming richer, and speculation among that class was rife in the land.

It was no longer the owners of black slaves and cotton plantations that wielded the power, but the speculators in bonds and railroad trusts and other monopolies who, with the seeming co-operation of monetary legislation, regulated prices regardless of the law of supply and demand, forcing the producer to sell in a market controlled by a few organized dealers and to buy in a market controlled largely by trust syndicates. Thus were the farmers' profits consumed. After a time they began to show dissatisfaction, but they knew so little of political economy that they were unable to reason from effect back to cause; and in the multiplicity of causes that stealthily crept in upon them one by one and were swallowed up in the great whole their minds became too confused to follow the inextricable network and they plodded along, working harder and for longer hours, to make up for the falling prices, taking the word of the price regulators that over-production was the cause of their distress and not the lack of money.

From early morn till late at night Lieutenant Brookes toiled to keep up the ever-eating interest on the farm mortgage, little dreaming that as year succeeded year the value of his farm was steadily vanishing with the contraction and disappearance of the national currency, and that the money supply which had given a fair price for farm products and for labor was not only being withdrawn from circulation, but had been supplanted by an interest-bearing bonded debt which, through indirect taxation had added to the burdens that were already

breaking him down; that one day he would awaken to a realization that he had only been a slave tenant, working for a master who would exact even more than his pound of flesh—one whose experience had taught him that a mortgaged tenant was far more preferable than an ordinary renter; for so long as a mortgager felt that he had any ownership in his property, just so long would he slave to keep it in good condition.

But the Lieutenant and his wife took their share of trouble with the rest. As the years went by two children came to them to be cared for and the trials became greater and more severe. An intensely cold winter had set in and they were illy prepared to weather the storms. The busy housewife toiled wearily in that mortgaged home; her burdens were heavy and hard to bear. Many times in hopelessness and despair would she clasp her hands and lift her eyes in appeal to heaven. No sound came from the closed lips of the sufferer, but the appeals were all the more pitiful to behold because of the mute expressions of grief which seemed too deep and terrible for utterance. Long and sad had been the winter hours to the anxious mother, then another child was born—a premature birth, a tiny little mite that barely moved the scales to three pounds. It was too small to dress, so it was carefully wrapped and tenderly nourished while its little spirit struggled to keep the place in the world for which it was destined. The boy with his great soulful eyes was called Harold. He grew and developed and became a bright, winsome lad.

Years passed, the mortgage on the Brookes' home-

stead was still unpaid, the contraction of the currency and refunding of bonds, was succeeded by the Act of 1873, which practically demonetized half of our coin, and the panic that followed, completed the havoc that the thrust at our legal tender in 1862 began. These financial disturbances kept them hovering in suspense upon the verge of ruin. Finally two seasons in succession the crops failed or were destroyed and, owing to the scarcity of money, what little remained brought small prices.

The Lieutenant made many attempts to realize on his farm, but learned that a system had been inaugurated by the money power of buying nothing but what was termed "snaps," which meant taking advantage of the necessities of the people that the contraction of money had caused, and which forced them to sell at sometimes less than the mortgage price upon their properties.

At last there was no money to be had and a chattel mortgage was placed upon the household furniture and stock at an exorbitant rate, to keep up the ever-eating interest on the farm mortgage.

The long-suffering and patient wife gradually faded away, then she sickened and died, and the lad who loved her so well almost died too, for she alone of all the world had understood that child of sorrow, whose little heart had once answered to her every throbbing pain. But there was no time for the boy to indulge in grief for troubles followed thick and fast and the father at once claimed all his attention. The farmer, broken in spirit, passed the day in melancholy, glad when night would come with its mantle of darkness to lull the

weary senses to rest and forgetfulness of the overwhelming troubles and anxieties that beset him; and when at last the overwrought brain would not accede to nature's demands, his nights became a continuance of the lingering tortures of the day and were passed in dream-disturbed sleep, wherein he saw himself toiling and struggling—a hopeless victim, striving to ascend a steep and rugged pathway with a load of debt upon his bent back that crushed and held him down to the earth. He saw the extended wings of a huge vampire as it hovered over his home, then it swooped down and fastened its beak in the frail body of his helpless wife, sucking her life blood drop by drop, while he stood powerless to save her; and when her white face disclosed that there was no more for the bird of prey, the farmer laughed the weird laugh of a maniac and awakened to suffer no more, for reason had fled. Then it was found that there was no touch so gentle, no voice so soothing as that of the youngest boy, who alone could control the ravings of the mad man.

The mortgage was foreclosed, the furniture was taken from the house in payment of the interest debt, and when the little fellow led his father forth from the roof that had sheltered them, the home for which the father had fought and bled, toiled and slaved, the home that had known little but misery, ruin and despair, the maniac marched forth as if to the beating of the drum, singing the chorus of the old familiar war song:

“Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again,
Of the freedom in our own beloved home.”

At the last words of the refrain he paused abruptly, then mockingly exclaimed: "Freedom! Freedom!" A hollow laugh followed that sent the blood creeping in one's veins and made one shudder to hear; then his hand sought his head and his eyes took on an intensity of expression as if struggling to grasp at some intangible thought; at last as if in complete despair, a prolonged groan issued from his lips and he sank in an attitude of hopelessness upon the trunk of a fallen tree by the roadside. Instantly the arms of the child were wound lovingly about his neck. "Come father," he pleaded in soothing tones, "we must be brave."

"Aye, brave! my lad. Brave boy! that's what they shouted to me when I snatched that soul-inspiring flag from the hand of my falling comrade and waved the boys on to victory. We were fighting like mad to gain supremacy at Round Top Mountain. Our boys won the position, but I was left for dead among the slain, and when night came and the dew of evening revived me, I opened my eyes to see by the dim light that the little ribbon stream of water running through the ditch had swelled to a river of blood, blood that had flowed from the wounds of the dying soldiers and horses which were piled one upon another, and which drenched my clothing to the skin. The blood from my own wounds had formed in clots and saved me from bleeding to death. I was that weak I scarce could move, but I managed to lift my canteen to my lips to drink, and then slowly drag my body out from among the slain.

It was a ghastly sight to look upon and it gave me

strength to get away, but better had I lain still and died — talk about war being cruel, it was merciful compared to the lingering torture that I have endured since that time. The enemy could not whip us in a fair, open fight, but the power that now controls our country has stealthily crept in upon us inch by inch, year by year, until they have sapped the life blood from our veins. Our lands, our houses are gone, and we are placed in a bondage of poverty far worse than the slaves, who through years of oppression had not the manhood left to strike for freedom. No more have I," he sighed mournfully, "who for years have toiled and slaved and have at last taken their place, except that I am not even housed and clothed by my master, than whom no greater despot ever ruled upon the earth." In that semi-lucid interval he continued until at last the flushed face and wild, staring eyes of his child told him that his words had struck deep within his listener's soul, then he looked cunningly at the boy and laughing in glee at the effect, rose and shouted: "Come on my lad. We must be brave! brave! brave!" A prolonged mocking laugh followed, the dry eyes once more took on their wild glitter and he began again to sing and keep step.

Thus hand in hand they walked along, the boy's head drooped, his form seemed bent. He was such a little lad to have so much care, yet for the time, upon his fragile shoulders rested the weight of the accumulation of years of sorrow.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE MINING CAMP.

The great excitement consequent upon the rich discovery in the Pilgrim mine attracted to its vicinity the usual number of adventurers, traders and prospectors. Saloons, stores and restaurants were opened in rude log cabins and tents, and for a period of six months or more great activity prevailed; claims were located wherever the slightest indication of ore was present and the recorder did a thriving business.

As it was soon found necessary to have a safe place for a record of titles and also to adjust matters of dispute, a goodly sized cabin of logs was constructed by the miners, which served the triple purpose of courthouse, schoolhouse and place of amusement. The scenes in the court room generally furnished the greater share of the latter, especially when the judge would sometimes find it necessary to adjourn the court long enough to subdue the malcontent with the weight of physical argument.

Many of the prospectors met with fairly gratifying results, while others remained on in the hope of striking it sooner or later. William Pendleton, a talented musician from New York, and David Mason, a rough but whole-souled miner, had met upon the road and come into the camp together. It was impossible to find two men so totally dissimilar as far as outward appearance indicated, yet from the beginning of their acquaintance they had experienced an admiration and

friendship for each other, which gradually ripened into sincere affection.

David Mason was successful in locating a prospect which proved fairly productive. Through his noble instincts and hearty manner he soon became the leading spirit of the camp, and although it was understood that his knowledge of law was extremely meagre, such was the faith of his fellow men in his honesty and good judgment, that he was elected Justice of the Peace with scarcely a dissenting vote and was forthwith honored by the title of Judge. It was at this time that he found William Pendleton invaluable as an assistant to him, and was saved from many serious blunders through the legal knowledge and advice of his friend.

Little was known of Mr. Pendleton save that through the exercise of his musical talent his popularity was scarcely second to that of the Judge, and it was not long before he gained the sobriquet of "Bill the Fiddler," although his professional manner and dignified bearing scarcely warranted that familiar appellation, which however clung to him through the subsequent years of his residence in the camp.

When it was learned that the body of ore in the Pilgrim mine had "pinched out," that no new claims of any special merit had been discovered, and many old locations had proved unproductive, a general exodus from the camp began, and soon it was almost deserted except by those who were content to remain with only the prospect of a fair living for their labor.

- Among the latter were two young men who had been working on a group of prospects that had turned out a

quantity of good pay ore from pockets which they had successively emptied. After several years they again came upon a body of vein matter which upon being followed up developed a ledge of rich ore. Previous experience however had taught them, that to sell and let the buyer take the chances was far more to their interest than to disturb the ore, which might prove as deceptive in depth and quantity as their former strikes. It was therefore decided to leave the ledge exposed.

About this time a promoter of mining schemes chanced to appear upon the scene where the young men had been working, and after making favorable terms to bond the claims, proceeded at once to New York. There he succeeded in interesting several capitalists, who anticipating that a move would be made to reinstate silver to its proper standard as lawful money, organized a stock company in which many people were induced to subscribe for stock, believing implicitly in the reports of the great richness of the claims, which were said to be continuations of the "mother lode," from which the Pilgrim ore was taken. The names of several prominent New York men served to foist the scheme upon the public through the stock board, where it was listed at a dollar a share. Upon the prestige thus gained and an exhibit of several sacks of the choicest ore from the claims, which assayed many thousands of dollars to the ton, much stock was sold. Headquarters were established at Wall Street and the company sent Sydney Howard, as secretary, out to the mines to look after its financial interests.

Mr. Howard had married the daughter of an irascible

old man, who in his disappointment at her refusal to wed with a man of his own choosing not only forbade her marriage to Mr. Howard, but never forgave her for her disobedience.

But the young couple were brave and strong, and the little wife was willing and eager to share the trials as well as the successes of life with her husband; moreover, the proposition of roughing it in those rude cabins far up in the mountains, which she had often dreamed of beholding, presented an alluring picture to her imagination.

Their arrival, representing the great Wall Street corporation, together with the transportation of the machinery, which had previously been ordered, brought activity to the camp once more. A large amount of money had already been expended in building roads, where formerly trails accessible to pack trains only had been used. And the numerous lines of employment, requisite for the completion of the enterprise, afforded labor to a great number of men. Again the mountains were populated; merchants, mining operators and trades people came with their wives and families.

A pleasant social circle was soon formed and parties and entertainments were frequently given in the big log cabin, which once more did duty.

At the beginning of the residence of the Secretary and his wife in the mountains, Mrs. Howard for weeks enjoyed the distinction of being the only woman in the camp, and was accorded the homage due a queen by the rough miners, who revered a good woman.

A great prejudice had existed among the laborers

against the Chinese, and prior to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Howard, none had ever been allowed in camp, but when it was found impossible to procure competent female help, so great was the rejoicing among the miners, at the advent of the young couple, who heralded prosperity, that when a Chinaman from the nearest town was secured, he was allowed to remain unmolested.

"What is your name?" asked the little woman, as he modestly bowed before her.

"Loy Hop," replied the Mongolian in a rapid and confusing tone.

"What is it?" she said failing to understand him.

"Loy Hop," he again answered in his inarticulate manner.

"Spell it," commanded Mrs. Howard, still failing to comprehend.

"L-o y-s o-p, Hop," he spelled, unable to pronounce the H.

Mrs. Howard laughed so good-naturedly at his attempt, that Loy was quite won by her manner, as well as the prospect of working for what he considered "a heap lich lady."

The Eastern bred woman greatly enjoyed the novelty of a Chinese servant, while the systematic manner in which he went about his work was much appreciated by her, since her lack of experience in the house-keeping line rendered her quite dependent upon his management.

"You read, Loy?" she said, as one day she surprised him studying from the Bible.

"Yes, I lead," returned he proudly, "I go Sunday school."

"You married, Loy?" she asked, desiring to learn something of his native customs.

"Yes, I mally," he answered blushing.

"Your wife she read too?"

"No," replied Loy softly. "She no lead. She lead she number one, she no lead she number two."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Mrs. Howard, speaking the "pigeon" English, to facilitate conversation. "Your wife, she read, she get heap smart, and become number one, she no read, she no get smart, she number two."

Loy laughingly replied: "You heapee savey."

The variety of people and the quaint humor of some of the old miners, in their admiration and desire to please her, afforded much amusement and diversion to the little woman, while her genial manner and winsome face, together with her ready wit and adaptability, instantly gained for her a host of friends, the staunchest of whom were the "Judge" and "Bill."

"This must be the place where December is as pleasant as May," she said, facetiously, one morning in June, as she lifted a bunch of flowers imbedded in ice, and moulded to the shape of the cup in which they were contained.

To her the grandeur of the mountains, with the numberless gulches and hills and snowy-capped peaks standing out against the sky, presented a picture awe-inspiring and fascinating, and her heart was constantly overflowing with love and gratitude to the great Creator, of so glorious a work, which was to her eyes a continual feast, while the light atmosphere of the high altitude, kept her spirits in a constant state of exhilaration.

"The earth is beautiful," she exclaimed, as each morning she awoke to see the dew evaporate, under the warming rays of the bright sunshine, and in the invigorating influence of the bracing atmosphere, upon her passionate nature, she could not have felt richer had all the treasures of that mineral land belonged wholly to her.

Daily she could be seen for hours sitting upon her horse, climbing up the steep trails, where woman was never known to have gone before, following her husband wherever he went to look up mining claims that were offered to the company, until she became quite expert in her knowledge of the different formations of ore, and equally familiar with technical terms, talking mining lore as glibly as though she had always been among the mining folk.

Loy became very fond of his mistress who upon her return from her trips would often pat him affectionately on the back, in appreciation of the results of his fine house-keeping, exclaiming: "Good boy, Loy!" whereupon Loy would redouble his efforts to please his mistress and go about his work with a vim, singing his highest falsetto notes, while he made the kitchen utensils shine and fairly speak with cleanliness. Still Loy had his faults, and one evening, after his master and mistress had been for some time very irregular in their home-coming from the mountains (which we must concede would have been aggravating to many a housewife), Loy took upon himself to bring about a change, by expressing with strong emphasis, his disapprobation of their late appearance.

"Whins se maller?" he exclaimed, abruptly. "Some time you come five o'clock, some time you come six o'clock, some time you come nine o'clock. I no likee, I no stlay."

"Oh, you want to go, Loy?" said his mistress kindly.

"Yes, I no likee, I no stlay no more," he repeated importantly.

"Very well, Loy," replied his mistress quizzically, "after dinner you wash the dishes, and I'll pay you, and you may go."

Loy was dismayed at the coolness of the reception which his announcement met. He had felt assured that it was impossible for his mistress to get along without the services for which she had shown so much appreciation, and that his assumption of independence would instantly act in his favor, and cause her to persuade him to remain. He retired with quite a crest-fallen air, and took special pains to serve the couple with dinner in the most dainty fashion, lingering over his work after the meal an unusual length of time. At last he approached his mistress, and standing before her with down-cast eyes, waited for her to speak.

"You finished, Loy?" she said, pleasantly.

"Yes, I finishee," he replied in a subdued tone.

"How much I owe you," asked Mrs. Howard.

"You no pay me now," he responded quickly. "I likee cook five o'clock, I likee cook six o'clock, I likee cook nine o'clock, alle slame; but heap skeet no good," said he vehemently, grasping for an excuse for his former temerity by attempting to explain that the mosquitoes made him cross.

"You no want to go?" inquired Mrs. Howard kindly.

"No," replied Loy, softly. "I heapee likee you and Miller Howard. I stay allee time. You no payee me."

"All right, Loy," responded his mistress, "You good boy, I keep you," whereupon Loy went away with a light heart, singing and resolving in his mind that his mistress "Heapee savey, good boss," and was not to be trifled with.

The season for mining passed, the twenty-stamp mill was still unfinished, and the snow had begun to render the camp almost inaccessible to the outer world. All the works were finally shut down for the winter, and the Secretary and his wife returned to New York.

In the meantime the stock on the market had reached as high as three dollars a share. This had been the result of the reports of a mining expert who had been sent out from New York to inspect the mine.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRAGEDY.

Spring had come again. Mr. and Mrs. Howard returned to their mountain home.

So great was Loy's desire to see his master and mistress that upon hearing of their expected arrival he traveled sixty miles by stage to meet them.

"Miller Howard," said he, choking with pleasure as his mistress greeted him, "las fall you go way, I no eattee thlee days."

"You no eat for three days? What was the matter, Loy; you sick?"

"No, I no sick; I lonesome, I cly allee time."

"Poor Loy, I expect you were lonesome up there in the snow, with so many men to torment you."

"You allee time good to me, I allee time likee live with you. Nex time you go New York I go New York."

"Well, we will see," responded Mr. Howard. "Perhaps we can take you with us; my wife she is not so well as last year, Loy, she no climb the mountains so much," he said laughingly, as he recalled Loy's attempt to dominate his wife in her domestic sphere.

Loy was keenly perceptive and comprehended his master's allusion at once, determining to redouble his efforts to please as well as care for his young mistress whom he almost adored.

As the season advanced Mrs. Howard found herself quite unable to take the long jaunts upon the mountains which formerly had given her so much pleasure, and to subdue her great longing and regret at being thus de-

prived, she turned her attention to a dramatization of Charles Dickens' novel, "Old Curiosity Shop," which she had brought with her to read on the train.

So thoroughly imbued was she with the spirit of "Little Nell" and the "Marchioness," that when her work was completed she determined to produce the play in the old log cabin. Among the population were a number of talented people, whom she knew could sustain the different characters, and choosing Bill for the part of the grandfather, she undertook to impersonate the dual characters of "Little Nell" and the "Marchioness" herself. So successful was she in her impersonations that ever after she was spoken of as "Little Nell," and received almost as much veneration as the character created by the gifted author.

After a delay which was unaccountable to all save the promoters of the scheme and the contractor, the mill was completed and ore was hauled for crushing. The returns, however, soon demonstrated the folly of building a mill before thoroughly working the claim. It was not long before the patient stockholders began to express their dissatisfaction. As usual in such cases, the promoters of the scheme had in the meantime managed to dispose of their stock at its highest figure, and had entirely withdrawn from the company. Before doing so, however, they cast about for a scapegoat. Mr. Howard had been sent out to represent the interests of the corporation, and although it was understood that he was merely to look after the financial affairs of the company, they easily succeeded in fastening the blame upon him.

The operating funds of the company were fast disappearing, and it had become impossible to induce the stockholders to subscribe more. The stock was unsalable; no more money was forthcoming; drafts sent out by Mr. Howard were being protested, and the miners were not fully paid. The secretary being the only one to stand in the breach, received all the odium that resulted from the failure of the enterprise.

The company fortunately had furnished a large stock of provisions, and only the butcher and vegetable man had been called upon for supplies. The latter, an Italian, through exorbitant prices received for his products, had accumulated quite a sum of money. He had finally presented an unusually excessive claim against the company which the secretary refused to settle except upon a more reasonable basis; but having once made the unjust claim, the Italian stoutly maintained it, and notwithstanding that he and his wife were greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Howard, they were the first to turn against their benefactors, and when the company failed and the laborers could not be paid, the Italian took advantage of the fact to maliciously incite the miners against the secretary, who had been accused of being an aristocrat. In his inexperience in mining operations and his faith in the stability of the company he represented, Mr. Howard had also failed to draw his salary; and thus without means he was forced to remain between two fires as it were, with the additional care of his wife, whose delicate condition had for some time been a source of anxiety to him.

The property of the company had been attached by

the creditors, and when nothing more was available the camp was again deserted by all save the few who remained to work their claims. Among the latter number were the Judge, Bill and the Italian and his wife.

With the exposure, overwork and harassment which followed upon the failure of the company, Mr. Howard contracted the mountain fever in an aggravated form. Day and night the good wife watched by his bedside, scarcely taking a moment's rest, and in her anxiety to care for her husband refused many kindly offers of assistance from the Judge and Bill. Mr. Howard was delirious and had required constant attention from either his wife or Loy for several days, until both servant and mistress were nearly exhausted from the continued strain, and when at last he fell into a stupor that resembled sleep, Mrs. Howard felt that she would be able to manage without assistance and commanded Loy to take a few hours rest. Loy reluctantly consented upon the promise that his mistress would wake him in three hours or less, if she needed his services.

One—two—three—the clock struck the hours; Mr. Howard scarcely moved. At last overcome with uncontrollable weariness and the monotonous quiet the little woman's eyelids drooped and for a brief moment a deep sleep stole upon her. At that instant her husband awakened in a semi-conscious condition; he was about to ask for water with which to cool his parched throat, when his eyes rested upon the careworn face of his wife. "Poor little Nell," he said, "I'll not waken her." Noiselessly he crept from his bed to the table, upon which stood a pitcher; he raised it to his lips; it was

empty. The delirium seized him again; looking back at his wife, with eyes like balls of fire, he grasped the pitcher more firmly, stealthily gained the door and went out into the cold night. The frost on the ground seemed only to increase his desire to quench his thirst. He heard the sound of running water in the distance as it rushed along in the river. Stumbling in his wild impetuosity to reach it, he fell and broke the pitcher. The thought seemed to madden his diseased brain, and as he gained the bank of the river he gave a frenzied leap into the stream, his head struck against a sharp projecting rock beneath the water, and death was instantaneous.

"Loy ! Loy !" called Mrs. Howard, aroused from her momentary slumber by the cold air that rushed in from the door which her husband had left ajar. "Loy, Mr. Howard has gone," she gasped, as the servant hurriedly entered.

Loy looked about the room and seeing that the pitcher was not on the table instantly conjectured the cause of his master's disappearance. Snatching up a lighted candle he went to the door of the cabin. Throwing the light upon the frosted ground he discovered the prints of his master's bare feet.

"He go ketchum wasser," he said to his mistress, "I go find him, you stlay here," he added almost commandingly as he noticed the look of intense pain and fright upon her face.

Loy at once ran to the Judge's cabin to apprise him of his master's flight, and then to the Italian's where he called Marie to go and stay with his mistress, then

he retraced his steps and followed the footprints of his master until they brought him to the bank of the river, and he guessed rightly his tragic end when he saw the place where he had evidently taken the leap into the stream. As he turned to go he was met by the Judge, to whom he communicated his fears concerning Mr. Howard and also his mistress' condition, and leaving him to further satisfy himself in regard to the disappearance of the secretary, he ran toward the cabin. He opened the door, to hear the cry of a child and the exclamation of his mistress as she screamed: "Marie you are killing me." Loy stood for a moment transfixed at the cruel glitter in the Italian woman's eyes, which seemed to descend to her wolf-shaped teeth as she smiled sardonically and made a coarse jest.

"She make my Guiseppe work and sweat," thought the malignant woman. "I make her sweat drops of blood; I bite her now; *" and she savagely tore with her hands at the helpless woman, whose life was fast ebbing away through her cruelty; then roughly tending the infant, she rolled it in a blanket and carelessly laid it on a chair, where it cried lustily at being so ill treated. She turned and went to a case of drawers, thinking rancorously about the paltry hundred dollars owing her husband for the vegetables he had sold, and how he had sweat to earn it; and had each drop of sweat been a priceless jewel, it could not have been more magnified in value in her imaginative brain, as she recalled the

* An expression of an illiterate Italian, meaning I get revenge.

loss for which she fancied the secretary and his wife were responsible.

In the beginning of Mr. and Mrs. Howard's residence in the camp the latter had noticed the brutal manner in which the Italian had treated his wife, who at his command had drudged by his side, often carrying large bundles of heavy brushwood almost equal to the burdens placed upon the brute creation, until Mrs. Howard had shamed him for permitting it, and by her patronage of Marie had forced him to treat his wife with a degree of respect never before accorded her. In illness she had been the first to care for the Italian woman, treating her as skillfully and tenderly as if she had been a sister; but all her kindness was forgotten or had been looked upon as nothing compared to the injury that Marie felt that she had sustained and now her vindictive nature had found and claimed revenge.

The woman who lay so helplessly in her power turned to Loy as he entered. "Bring my baby here," she said, feebly.

Loy tenderly lifted the little stranger and laid it in its mother's arms.

"Loy," said the sick woman, in a low, weak tone, "You and the Judge and Bill keep my baby, no let Marie have her," she faltered. "She wicked, she—" The icy lips could form no more words, but the eyes spoke volumes to Loy, in their expression of mute appeal and horror; then with a sad, loving look they rested for a second upon the babe and closed to the world forever.

Loy stood by the bedside, weeping silently, while

Marie looked grim and exultant. She came forward to take the child from its dead mother's arms. Loy angrily stepped before her and savagely pushed her aside.

"You no touch," he commanded, his eyes flashing through the almost blinding tears. "You heap bad; you killum Misse Howard."

Marie laughed defiantly. "You crazy," she returned.

"No, I no crazy," fiercely contended the Chinaman. "I hear her talkee, 'Marie you killee me!' I see you lookee allee slame like panther. You no foolum me. Her eyes he talkee me too."

"What is this you are saying," exclaimed the Judge, who had stood a silent listener at the door.

Loy related the incident and repeated to the Judge the last words of his mistress.

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Marie excitedly, as she interpreted the serious look upon the face of the old miner.

"Go home," he said sternly. "You know whether it is true or not, and we all know how you have repaid the little woman for the many kind deeds she has done for you. We will try to find out whether you are responsible for her death," he added, looking at her searchingly, "and you had best stay away from here for awhile. If it is true what Loy says, and you were a man, I wouldn't give much for your life in half an hour from now."

Marie quailed beneath the stern look as she recalled the fact that the Judge had once been an active member of the famous "six hundred and one," whose vigilance and swift punishment to the wrongdoer had been so effectual in creating a reform and disposing of cases

without expense to the country, and she was glad to escape from the penetrating glance of the old miner, who she felt was reading her very soul.

The Judge looked long and sorrowfully at the sad, sweet face of the dead woman, whose presence in the camp had been a source of so much pleasure to them all. "Poor little Nellie," he said, the moisture gathering in his eyes, "You've gone just like the 'Little Nell' what you seemed to be, with no one to comfort you in your last hour; poor child—poor child."

Loy carefully turned down the covers to exhibit the stranger. The little thing looked up into their faces with its big, dark eyes and sucked its tiny fist as contentedly as if it thought that member had been put there for that special purpose.

Loy sorrowfully lifted it from the cold arms that held it so lovingly. The judge arranged a pillow in a big arm chair for it to lie upon; then drawing it near the fire he stood and watched it while Loy prepared milk. When he was ready to feed the baby, the Judge quietly returned to the bedside to cover the face of the woman whose spirit had taken its flight.

The body of the young husband, which had floated down the stream, was recovered, and the couple whose lives had ended so tragically were laid side by side in a rude pine box and buried in a rocky cave, while the soulful strains of the violin spoke the solemn tender thoughts of the silent mourners, as Bill played with exquisite feeling a selection from Mozart's "Requiem."

CHAPTER VII.

THE BOY ORATOR.

When after a time Lieutenant Brookes was restored to reason he found his household broken up, the homeless children scattered and living among his relatives, himself a care to them while they were all struggling against adverse conditions. For a few years he lingered on, but his life was like a candle that had burned down to the socket; for a while it flickered feebly then went out; so the brave soldier died.

Harold had been taken to live with his aunt and uncle. He was fond of work and well repaid them for his keeping, for he loved animals, and to him was assigned the care of the stock, which always welcomed his coming. The horses would whinny and the colts would neigh and frisk about as they raced to meet him; the gentle cows would come and rub their noses against him, and breathe their wholesome breath into his fragile body, until he became a healthy, rosy-cheeked lad. Still he had no inclination to study, and, except for mathematics and history, which he seemed to acquire without effort, he made little progress at school.

Continued application to books had always resulted in illness, and so completely discouraged the boy that at the age of fourteen he had almost ceased to care, yet many times he would try to improve to please his aunt and then backslide again; but he listened with rapt attention to his uncle's reading of the daily papers, and would ask so many questions about the political affairs of the day that his uncle, who was an intellectual man,

took great pains to explain to the lad the intricacies of politics.

The sad scene with his demented father, which had followed so soon upon the death of his mother, had made a lasting impression upon the child's mind; his father's words seemed always to ring in his ears. He knew that in some way his father's failure and his mother's death were associated with the monetary disturbances, and, during the exciting year of the campaign of 1884, he became intensely interested in the leading points at issue, and took to poring over the newspapers.

The views of Blaine and other statesmen of that day were as clear to him as the simplest lesson in his textbooks.

Then, as now, the money question was being agitated, and all parties had agreed that the coinage law, which, in 1873, had practically demonetized silver, had proved a blight upon the land, and all were looking forward to the time when our creditor nation would join with us in restoring the legal standard of half our money, which had by law so surreptitiously been taken from us.

Harold gave much thought to the matter contained in a speech made by Benjamin F. Butler who said:

"The question as to the amount of duties to be levied upon various articles of import has been agitated and quarreled over, and has divided communities for nearly a hundred years. It is not now and never will be settled unless by the abolition of indirect taxation. It is a convenient issue, always raised when the people

are excited over abuse in their midst. While we favor a wise revision of the tariff laws, with a view of raising a revenue from the luxuries rather than the necessities, we insist that, as an economic question, its importance is insignificant as compared with the financial issue ; for, whereas we have suffered our worst panics under low and also under high tariff, we have never suffered from a panic nor seen factories or workshops closed while the volume of money in circulation was adequate to the needs of commerce. Give our farmers and manufacturers money as cheap as you give it to our bankers, and they can pay high wages to labor, and compete with all the world."

Benjamin Butler has since died, but were ever words spoken that have been more thoroughly proved than the language of that warrior and able statesman.

From becoming interested in the campaign, Harold went deeply into the study of political economy, and knew the fallacy of the protective tariff being looked upon as a remedy for falling prices while the contraction of the volume of money continued. He understood that the Coinage Act of 1873 had deprived silver of its value as money, practically reducing it to a commodity ; that the Act of 1878, limiting its demand and legal tender quality, had failed to restore its value, and that the price of that commodity, as of all others, was measured by the single standard gold ; and gold being inadequate to the demands made upon it became so enhanced in value, that prices gradually declined as gold rose to power. He could readily perceive why a gold standard was so much desired by the money

classes, who were thus enabled to "corner" the greater portion of the wealth of the world; it was easier to control a limited volume of money than an amount that supplied the people with means to be independent of that power. A smaller volume of money created the necessity for credit; credit meant payment directly or indirectly of interest or tribute to the gold monopolies, and it was therefore their policy to keep the people in their debt.

He read of the origin and gradual rise of the money power, its control of the industries of nations, its thoroughly organized system, its trusts and combinations. He realized how, through its influence and the coincidence of legislation, our nation's money had been depreciated, its volume contracted, and a deceptive and alluring credit substituted. How, through that inflation, cities and towns had been built to encourage enterprises and speculation, which, being largely conducted upon the credit basis, necessitated by the scarcity of sound money, had placed us through our slavery to debt more wholly in its toils. He could see that the masses, through lack of knowledge of the true conditions, and successful playing upon their party prejudices, were rendered almost powerless to cope with such a foe, which struck only in the dark, and sought to overthrow every leader whose honesty was a menace to their schemes.

Like all farmer boys, Harold worked early and late, yet he preferred labor to study, and during the few months' winter session in the district school, he seemed so contented at the foot of his class that Mr. Lambert,

his conscientious teacher, finally deemed it necessary to insist upon his remaining in during intermissions to commit to memory the lessons in which he had failed.

"I cannot understand," said the teacher, "how a lad as bright and intelligent as you are should be so devoid of ambition. I have noticed, with regret, your inattention to your studies, and, while I know it is partly due to your predisposition to headache, I fear that you are too indulgent to that weakness, and are becoming an idle dreamer, fond of nothing but play."

Harold hung his head at the reprimand he felt that he deserved, and remained seated while the children passed out for the morning recreation. The teacher was extremely fond of the boy, and, as soon as the pupils were dismissed, seated himself beside him at his desk, and compassionately offered to give him assistance in his lessons, whereupon Harold brought forth his Government class book, and, to the teacher's surprise, began to ask so many questions about the financial system, and presented so many logical theories and arguments, that Mr. Lambert frequently found himself at a loss for a reply, and was indeed glad when a small voice at his elbow reminded him that it was long past the time to ring the bell for the close of intermission.

Late in the afternoon the schoolmaster took occasion to call at the home of his pupil to hold a consultation with Harold's uncle.

"Think of it," said Mr. Lambert; "we were following up the history of finances since the war period, commencing with the first issue of greenbacks that so

upset the calculations of the money lenders, the subsequent exception clause issue which depreciated the greenback, then the substitution of interest-bearing bonds made payable in coin that caused the contraction of the greenback and consequent hard times, then demonetization of silver, and so on; and finally when I concluded by telling him that the credit strengthening act, which made our national debt payable in coin, was done to satisfy our creditors abroad and inspire them with confidence in our nation, he made the most astonishingly sarcastic remark: 'Then did they demonetize silver to inspire our creditors with still further confidence in our ability to accomplish impossibilities?' 'What do you mean by that,' said I. 'I don't know,' he returned thoughtfully, 'except that to demonetize silver, which constituted half our coin, after we had agreed to pay our debt in coin and intended the resumption of specie payment, seems like as if we had money to throw away all the time, or that something was wrong when a government allowed the par value of its money to be legislated out of it, then exchanged non-interest bearing greenbacks or lawful money for interest-bearing bonds, payable in coin, and gave as an excuse a return to specie payment, then demonetized half our specie. What would you think of a man who went needlessly into debt to begin with, then took up what notes he had put out that did not happen to bear interest or were not payable at any specified time, and exchanged them for notes bearing interest and payable at a certain time in coin of which he had no excess, and then threw away half of that coin. Wouldn't you

think that he was crazy or trying to ruin himself for some reason ? ' ' "

" ' It would appear that way, ' ' said I.

Then he began a recapitulation of all that he had stated. It was right to the point and followed up the enactment of the money legislation in rapid sequence.

" Now what do you think of that for a boy fourteen years of age, who scarcely ever rises above the foot of his class, but who will argue a case with the logic of a born statesman. "

" I don't know what to think, " responded Uncle John, " except that the trying times that my sister and her husband experienced prior and subsequent to Harold's birth has much to do with the condition of his mind. The boy gives his aunt and myself a world of trouble concerning his education ; we nag him constantly to study his lessons. He runs away to every political meeting that is held. I have punished him repeatedly for his disobedience, but he seems to prefer punishment to being deprived of the opportunity of hearing the speaking, and most every evening you can go out to the corral and hear him delivering an address to the hogs and cattle. He is driving up the stock now, " continued Mr. Cooper. " Come with me around by the corn crib and listen for a few minutes ; it will amuse you if nothing more. "

It was nearly sundown when Harold had filled the feed-boxes, then he advanced to let down the bars for the stock which he had been driving to pass into the corral. A donkey patiently followed at a safe distance behind the frisking colts. Scarcely an animal upon the place

but had been named by Harold, whose preference for congressmen and senators had inclined him to bestow their surnames liberally upon the cattle and horses. The donkey was called Balaam, after the mighty Balaam who seemed to have the power to curse or bless with great success. Balaam demurely took his place at the end of one of the long feed boxes, where he struggled in vain for an ear of corn that was just beyond his reach.

It was "hog killing" time. Three large, well dressed hogs hung suspended from heavy iron hooks attached to the side of the corn crib. Harold pumped sufficient water to fill the trough, then resting for a moment upon the handle of the pump, surveyed the herd as they stood complacently crunching the corn. At last, in a most dignified manner, he advanced to the edge of the well curb, cleared his throat, and in imitation of the stentorian tones used by out-door speakers, commenced an oration full of keenest satire.

With all solemnity he bowed to the largest of the dressed hogs and said: "Mr. Chairman and your honorable committee," then, after looking contemplatively for a moment at the massive proportions of the hogs, he turned from them in disgust, and greeting the cattle as ladies and gentlemen, said: "The Scripture moveth me to remark upon the danger of addressing my language to a hog. There are only three things which I know of that can move a hog; the first is greed, the second is fear, the third is a rope. Here, my fellow citizens, we have an example of the result of greed, which finds its just reward at the end of the rope, in the exalted posi-

tion that it now occupies, and which, like Haman, is as near heaven as it ever gets. Speaking of hogs reminds me of a story I heard down at the corners. Just after the war hogs were commanding a high price and there was a great deal of money in pork. The cost of fattening hogs was nothing compared to the returns from that process. Brigham Young, who with his faithful followers, it is said, had made the desert to blossom like a rose, soon realized that his people were becoming too prosperous, and consequently too independent to remain long under his domination. They were beginning to find leisure time for gaining knowledge; to read and to think for themselves. 'Knowledge is power,' thought he; and he knew that if they gained very much of it they would have no more use for him and his prophesying business. He therefore concluded that something must be done whereby his people would be kept in comparative ignorance.

"He delivered an address, in which he claimed he had received a revelation that the community was becoming too corrupt and that they needed purifying; and in order to bring about the desired condition it was necessary for them to practice the greatest self-denial. He therefore issued a proclamation that no pork should be eaten in his dominion for a period of two years. Brigham's word was law unto his people, and they bowed to his will with due submission; as a result there was no demand for pork, and the price of hogs instantly fell. The loss to the Mormons was great indeed. But they had their faith left, and they believed that their prophet but obeyed the will of God; and as

soon as the necessities of the people became pressing they found but little opportunity to study or to think of anything but to work for their daily bread.

"After a time the Pacific Railroad was completed to Utah, prior to which Brigham, anticipating that an outside market would come to the relief of his people, placed himself in the light of a benefactor by issuing another proclamation, that, in order to relieve their distress, he would give them one or two cents a pound for all pork properly dressed and packed. The sufferings of the people were thus alleviated by their worthy prophet, who, when he shipped the pork, sold at a great advance, reaped a harvest of several millions in the transaction, built the Amelia Palace for his favorite wife, and lived high."

Here the donkey, which had vainly attempted to get an ear of corn set up a most prolonged bray. "Alas ! Balaam," said Harold, "if the people could only see what thou seest." A horse named Cassius John uneasily pawed the ground with his left forefoot, and Harold quoted the passage from Shakespeare : "Cassius, you are much condemned to have an itching palm." A large hog chased a small pig across the corral, and wrested an ear of corn from its mouth. Harold threw the pig another ear from a bucket, and compared the size of the hog with those hanging upon the hooks ; the gentle lowing of a cow seemed to give an approval of the act.

When quiet was restored, Harold resumed, "I do not wonder, my worthy hearers, that you express yourselves with such loud acclaim and uneasiness, for it needs

only common horse sense to understand that the story has found a parallel in American history that is far more startling in its audacity and treachery to the people; for as Brigham was to his ignorant followers, so are the leaders of the money trust to our own people. Chew that with your cuds, my worthy hearers, and if you can fatten on it, remember that in the end it is only to be fed, not to feed."

The schoolmaster and Mr. Cooper emerged from their hiding place, and Harold, looking somewhat disconcerted, turned to the pump and began a vigorous use of the handle.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IDOL OF THE CAMP.

In the death of Mrs. Howard, circumstantial evidence had pointed strongly to Marie's guilty part in the tragedy, but the Italian woman was accorded the benefit of the doubt, with a forcible warning, however, not to interfere with the child.

The care of the brown-eyed baby girl was divided between the Judge and Bill, and she gradually so entwined herself in their affections that they began to dread the day when an answer might come to the letter sent in reference to the little one.

The weeks sped by, the snows were again deep upon the ground, and communication with the outer world was almost wholly cut off. The winter hours would have been long and dreary, but for the amusement offered by the baby, who laughed and crowed her delight at receiving so much attention.

Almost a year passed, but no response came to the letter sent to the grandfather, although a Wells-Fargo receipt, by which means it was conveyed from the mountains attested its delivery.

Bill and the Judge were congratulating themselves upon the joint ownership of the babe, and were one day good-naturedly contending for its exclusive possession.

"Come to your daddy," said the Judge, as he snatched the child from the floor and tossed it high in the air.

The baby laughed and shouted in glee, "Da-da ! Da-da !"

"Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !" roared the grizzly old miner, "you see she has decided herself I am her daddy, and you ain't got nuthen more to say about it."

Loy then spoke up, declaring himself to be the "Mamma" by right of having first provided nourishment for the child, and the Judge generously conceded that Loy had earned the title by his tender solicitude for the little one. Bill thereupon dipped his hand in a basin of water, and christened the child, while he claimed the privilege of standing god-father.

It puzzled them all, however, to find a suitable name for the baby. Bill suggested that they call it "Little Nellie." "Little Nellie is dead," said the Judge sorrowfully, "and this is too lively a creeter to be called Nell; we'll christen her the 'Marchioness.'" But Bill protested, so finally a second name was decided upon, and the baby was called from that time forth, "Marchioness Barbara Howard."

As the years passed, the child grew, in that bracing atmosphere, strong, lithe, and graceful as a fawn. Her large, brown eyes, now tender, now flashing, bespoke intelligence and lighted up a face of such wondrous beauty, with its clear, olive complexion, that Bill, who was almost as much of an artist as he was musician, often sketched the little one, who seemed to form a part of their picturesque surroundings. Her nature, exquisitely tender, was like a delicately strung instrument, which needed only to be played upon to draw forth the harmony from within. The solicitude for the welfare of others, which had marked the acts of the mother, seemed to have been transmitted and

accentuated in the child, through the study of the character of Little Nell, with which the mother seemed to be imbued, and in that boundless admiration of the sublime works of nature which daily communion with its rugged grandeur inspired, the Marchioness' life was a fulfillment of the wish that the "Little Nellie" mother often expressed, as her eyes would turn toward the tall peaks with a longing which wisdom forced her to resist.

But the Marchioness often scaled those dizzy heights. To her the tall pines, sighing in the wind, seemed to whisper the language of Heaven and tell her of the beautiful mother that had gone there to dwell. The rocky caves and succession of hills, with their ever-changing sunlight and shadow, possessed an irresistible attraction to the little mountain maid, and many times would she wander alone up the steep and rugged trails, free and firm of step; sometimes she would pause to sit upon the ledge of a projecting rock to view the thunder showers far out in the wilderness, while above her in the bright blue sky the sun would be shining forth in a blaze of glory, and again to listen to the singing of the birds as they caroled forth their sweetest notes. Then would she raise her voice in clear, echoing tones, until the merry warblers would stop to wonder at the perfect imitations of their softest and most prolonged trills.

No pains were spared by the three, so distinctly different in nature, to bestow upon the child every benefit that love could devise. The Chinaman's general knowledge of domestic affairs rendered him invaluable to the

Judge in her care. Loy was not only efficient as a house servant, but had learned a trade at the sewing machine, which proved to be a great benefit in their mountain seclusion. It was his delight to keep the Marchioness neatly clad, and each evening, when the child had finished playing, he took especial pride in having her don a clean white frock to appear at the table for supper.

Loy had worked in several cultured families, and from the example of good taste displayed by his former mistresses he had managed to create a modicum of style in the simplicity of the garments which he fashioned for the young girl. To him she was as dear as his own flesh and blood, and he bestowed upon her all the tender watchfulness of a mother; yet he never lost sight of the fact that their natural positions in life were distinct and separate, and by his unobtrusiveness he had unconsciously made the Marchioness understand where the line must be drawn.

Bill had undertaken the education of the little girl, whom he found to be an apt pupil, surprising them all by the rapidity and ease with which she acquired knowledge, often puzzling them with her numerous questions about the creation; what existed before the beginning of the world, and what would become of the world when it came to an end.

An old piano, that had been left in one of the saloons in the deserted camp, was moved to the Judge's cabin, where daily the young girl, under her tutor's instructions, practiced and sang.

Upon entering the cabin one day, Bill's ears were

greeted with a burst of melody that made him pause and fairly hold his breath to listen. Unobserved, he watched the fluttering movement of the child's throat, so like the birds, as she trilled forth note after note with exquisite modulation of tone. From that time forth he made it a study to cultivate in the Marchioness the natural flexibility of the vocal members, and each day found them together at the piano and violin, where, between the rests from instrumental practice, they produced music that would have delighted cultured artists—music that was not lost, however, but was fully appreciated by the old Judge, when, after the evening meal was finished, he would throw his wearied body upon the couch to rest and listen to the child he loved and worshipped with a feeling akin to idolatry. This feeling was shared by all the miners for miles around, for the little girl of Beaver Gulch was the only child in the almost deserted district, and not a day passed that some one did not substantially remember the little Princess, as she was sometimes styled. Gold nuggets were fashioned into quaint designs to adorn her head and neck and arms; the finest specimens of ore were carefully laid away to add to the valuable collection in her possession. Orders for provisions were usually accompanied with a liberal sum for the handsomest frock, or cloak, or hat that could be found for the money, while the Christmas stocking was always stretched to its utmost capacity, and dolls enough to populate a miniature kingdom served as obedient subjects to the dainty sovereign. The Marchioness always had a gentle greeting for every one who came, and the

fear of exciting an aversion in the little one kept many of the weakest from falling and caused the roughest spoken to choose his words while in her presence.

Once, when a wee, little thing, attracted by the beauty of the wild flowers, she strayed far from home and was lost in the forest. A young dog, that had been left in the camp, was her constant companion. A frantic search for the missing child, in which all the miners joined, was after a time rewarded by hearing the whine of the hound. Following the sound, they came upon the little one, fast asleep upon a mossy bank, her head resting upon the body of the faithful animal, while the half-spilled flowers from the apron which she held firmly gathered in her hand, told the story of her wanderings. In an instant the Judge had the child in his arms, rocking to and fro and crying like a woman, while the rough miners unconsciously bared their heads in expression of thankfulness at the recovery of their idol.

"Davie, old boy," protested Bill, when, after a time, he had controlled his emotions, "it will never do for you to take on so. What would become of you if anything more serious should happen to the child?"

"'Taint no use talkin' now, Bill," he replied, "nothin' but death shall ever separate me from the gal : seems like sometimes as if I would go mad at the bare thought of bein' without her," and the intensity of his love became almost savage, while he could scarcely refrain from crushing the little one as she nestled asleep in his arms. Many times in her infancy he had left his work, just to go and look at her playing about the door yard,

and whenever he had been working in the open air had carried the child with her playthings, where he could listen to her prattle and be happy in the sunshine of her love and beauty.

It was thus her childhood passed ; reared in an atmosphere of love and veneration, she was affectionate, tender, fearless and free as the birds. In her exalted nature she returned their love, with a seemingly illuminated understanding of their boundless love for her, and with a mind as broad and expansive as the soul-inspiring atmosphere that she daily breathed.

CHAPTER IX.

THE INSPIRATION.

It was four o'clock. The bell rang out clear in the stillness of the early dawn. It was the signal for the farm hands to rise and go to work. Harold Brookes struggled to overcome the weariness of the body, that sleep had only partially conquered; then he rose and prepared for the hours of work, which were again to last far into the night—the usual daily routine on his uncle's farm.

How was it possible for one to think consecutively in that wornout condition of body and mind? He felt the weight of oppression that had fallen upon the toiling masses; its awful slavery to the classes, who were making them its prey, while ordinary common sense taught that the whole world depended upon the farmer for sustenance; that if the farmer ceased to produce the situation would be reversed, and he could not reconcile himself to the paradoxical condition. They were only stray thoughts, that for an instant passed through his mind, then he found himself at work doing up the morning chores. The horses must be fed, the cows must be milked; his mind must be upon his work in order to bring about satisfactory results. He had no more than finished when the bell sounded the call to breakfast. It was six o'clock. The meal was eaten, the horses were hitched to the plows and the labor went on. The day was cloudy and, in anticipation of the coming storm, work must be pushed more rapidly if possible. Late in the afternoon large drops began to

fall, then a heavy, drenching rain set in, compelling the farm hands to cease toiling and seek shelter.

Harold feeling the necessity of rest, in order to recuperate his overwrought physical force, threw himself upon the bed in the little room he called his own. He was too weary to sleep. Thought forced its way through his senses that had become dulled with the ceaseless round of labor. It was almost intangible at first, but gradually it took form. Step by step he reviewed the causes that were reducing the people to a state of bondage. He pictured the sufferings of the toiling masses, knowing his own, knowing so well that the condition of one was the condition of nearly all; and as he realized the utter hopelessness of the struggle in the ignorance of the people as to the cause, his soul revolted at the outrage perpetrated upon justice, and the light which at first came to him like a faint glimmer burst forth in a blaze of indignation.

At last he fell asleep again, that long sleep of exhaustion; the supper bell rang unheeded. It was midnight. Dreams came to him. He moaned and wept aloud. The tears relieved the weight upon the eyelids that had so long been sealed in sleep. Then he dreamed that he saw his mother's form bending over him in that loving attitude in which he had so often seen her in life. A cooling hand was laid upon his fevered brow, a voice tender and sweet spoke in tones of compassion. It said: "My son have courage, go forth and speak of that which has been revealed to you; strive no longer with those heavy implements of toil, your place is in the world. The struggle will be long and cruel, and the

battle will leave many scars, but do not despair: you will win." Then soft lips were pressed to his. He sighed and turned and slumbered on.

Once more the four o'clock bell aroused him; again he struggled to rise and prepare for toil, but his head was hot from long thinking, his body ached from exposure to the draft, and he fell back weak and indifferent. His mother's words still sounded in his ears. He would strive no longer.

It was Saturday, the farmers' market and half holiday; he felt too ill to work, so concluded to go to town with his uncle. From a store he procured a piece of wrapping paper, and printed in large letters: "A meeting of the farmers, to form an alliance, will be held at two o'clock on the public square. Come everybody."

He had many friends, and had been an interesting speaker in church meetings. It was also known that he was a youth of radical ideas and always had something to say that was worth hearing. Some went from curiosity, others to rest and to hear the boy. His heart, overflowing with pity for the sorrows and sufferings of the oppressed, found utterance in such a glowing word picture that all the crudities of his arguments were lost to sight in the fire of his genius, and the effect upon his listeners was most vivid and startling.

Too well he understood that the mind partook of the weariness of the labor-worn body, and that to the seared soul, "a word fitly spoken was like apples of gold in baskets of silver," and as simply and comprehensively he filled in the outline of the picture that was engraven upon his soul they forgot that the sun's burning rays

were beating down upon them, and that it was only a plain farmer boy of nineteen who was thus holding their attention; for the spell of his earnestness and eloquence was upon them, and they strained every nerve that they might not lose a word.

They had thirsted and he gave them drink; they were in darkness and he lighted the way before them. Although his impassioned speech lacked the discretion that characterizes the discourse of the more experienced speaker, the truths which he advanced were indisputable. He spoke with the courage of his convictions; his profound logic appealed to the better judgment of the most stubborn followers of tradition, in whose prejudiced brains no entering wedge had ever before found lodgment; old party men who had drawn near for a few minutes to make light of his views, remained standing through his long address. In clear concise language and with most felicitous illustrations he showed them where and how the money classes had organized in a manner that meant the ultimate enslavement of the masses, and how the producing class, upon whom the whole world depended for sustenance, had, through their own ignorance of organization and faith in their leaders, become slaves of those of the people who should, if any, be the subjects. He appealed to their manhood to throw off the yoke that was fast being riveted upon them, and to recognize the duty which they owed to their home and families, the patient wife, the helpless children whom they had brought into the world, who would continue to endure as they were now suffering.

Then he recited in brief and rapid sequence the history of the monetary disturbances and corrupt legislation, which were responsible for their present and almost continuous depression, proving to them that it was not over-production, which the money power had led them to believe was the cause of low prices and their distress, but under-consumption, since many were half fed and starving while products were lying wasting upon the ground because the people had not sufficient money with which to demand their share of them; that the supply was regulated by the demand was true, but that the demand for products and manufactured goods was in a great measure regulated by the supply of money; that if there was but little money, there could be but little demand for either labor or products; that confidence and credit were good for those who controlled the money, but that the coin was necessary for those who had to earn it.

Then he gave a brief history of the nation's periods of prosperity and adversity, commencing with a review of all the panics created, showing them how a panic was usually a natural reaction from one abnormal condition to another, and that, in an equitably balanced and normal state of affairs there could be nothing upon which to react; that these abnormal conditions were largely due to a system of credit and confidence, inaugurated and fostered by the power that controlled the volume of our money, which, by that means, could create seasons of prosperity or cause depression, peace or war. He showed them how the inflation which the money legislators had pronounced pernicious in effect when

they withdrew our paper money from circulation, had been far greater through the deceptive system of credit, which had taken the place of our money; how the people, in their ignorance of the effects of the system, had been lured into the trap thus set for them, until the whole country had become involved in debt; when the money power, having locked up the gold, which they alone possessed, and on which alone was based our credit, had withdrawn their counterfeit confidence and cried that it was time to pay up; that thus, with the value gone from everything but the mortgages which they held, they had gathered in millions upon millions of acres of that involved property which they were now renting to the people who once owned them.

"Why, the Indians," continued he, "have been treated with far more consideration, for the excuse for taking their land from them has been, that they were uncivilized and did not cultivate it, and no excuse has been offered to the civilized man, who, by all the laws of God, possesses an inalienable right to such portions of the earth as he is capable of drawing sustenance from—a possession which should maintain its value in proportion to what it produces at all times; and neither the price of the farm nor its products should be regulated by a volume of money that is controlled by a class of people, who, like the Indians, do not cultivate the land.

"I learn from statistics that we have a per capita of one hundred and five dollars cash and bank credit, mostly bank credit. On that credit we average an annual payment of interest of eight per cent, while our

annual net earnings, including the labor of our families, are only two and one-half per cent. This is how the farmer is being separated from his farm, while the basic principle is that each human being must have the inviolable, inalienable right to retain and enjoy all that he produces, less his pro rata share of the expense of maintaining the government that is supposed to protect him in his right. It is reliably computed, by averaging for a number of years the successes and failures of the crops, labor of the farmer and his family and hirelings, capital invested in land, seed and farming implements, which if hired would cost an interest of eight per cent, that if the farmer does not get two dollars a bushel for his wheat he is losing money, and if he pays interest it is at the rate of five and one half per cent in excess of his earnings; therefore, if we have a per capita of one hundred and five dollars mostly in credit, on much of which we pay an annual average interest of eight per cent, how much better would it be to have sufficient money in circulation to avoid paying interest or tribute to this vicious credit system.

“Now all the silver on the globe that is used in the arts and for token money, if melted and brought to America and coined into dollars, would not exceed fifty-five dollars per capita, and it has been computed at much less per head. With silver remonetized the great United States, which could readily make use of every ounce sent here, would strive to become the market of the world for all the silver produced and the unlimited demand for the limited supply that the earth produces would be so great that the price or ratio of sixteen

ounces of silver to one of gold here would determine the value in all other countries that were fortunate enough to have any surplus silver to ship here; for where it is needed in the arts or for subsidiary coin, no one abroad would be foolish enough to sell it there for any less than he could get for it here. And should the United States be so fortunate as to get hold of all the silver abroad, foreign countries would soon pay us a premium upon it to get it to return to them when they found that they had lost the trade of the silver-using countries by this obstinate cruelty of the money power to the people of the world. Silver is cheap now only because it has no monetary value or debt-paying power. Restore to silver its debt-paying power and its full value is immediately re-established. There can be no repudiation under these circumstances and the word is a mere subterfuge to play upon our simplicity in order to force upon us the maintenance of the gold standard, which is crushing us to the earth.

“There is little enough coin in the world, with the limited amount of gold and silver bullion produced; why then must we yield to this money power and allow ourselves to be still further impoverished, by permitting them to deprive us of half of that limited amount. With the credit system—with only the gold standard to fall back upon in case of a run or a demand for payment of our indebtedness, we are continually in the grinding power of the gold monopolists, while all this time, through the loss of half that legal tender circulation, the farmer receives but one-half of the value of his products, while he must help to pay a

double interest on our bonded debt, through the purchase of necessities appreciated in value by the tariff tax for revenue to sustain this gold standard.

"Much of our indebtedness abroad is owed by the monopolists and gold syndicates here, who are the only ones who have been benefited by maintaining a gold standard; and it is the gold syndicates and monopolists who are continually raising the cry of repudiation against us, and as the people do not have the time and means to inform themselves, many are overawed by the cry, backed by the power and appearance which the ill-gotten wealth of this class gives and which, unfortunately, inspires many with the spirit of emulation."

Harold had found but little time for reading, hence he had exercised great care in the selection of books which usually pertained to governmental affairs. The statements he made concerning them he took great pains to verify. Understanding fully the baneful effects upon the masses produced by the contraction of our national money and the subsequent demonetization of silver, he gave such practical illustrations of it that few remained unconvinced. He quoted from Garfield, who said: "Whosoever controls the volume of money in any country is absolute master of all industries and commerce." He quoted from John Sherman, who, while working for a salary of five thousand dollars a year, had said that "a contraction of the volume of money would cause a shrinkage in prices, lassitude in trade, and national bankruptcy and disaster: it would be an act of folly without parallel for evil in modern times."

He also read an article quoted from Ernest Seyyed, a man who was considered an eminent authority upon finances, who, in 1871, anticipating that an attempt would be made to force a gold standard upon the different countries by the money-controlling class, said: "It is a great mistake to suppose that the adoption of the gold valuation by other states besides England will be beneficial. It will only lead to the destruction of the monetary equilibrium hitherto existing and cause a fall in the value of silver from which England's trade and the Indian silver valuation will suffer more than all other interests, grievous as the general decline of prosperity all over the world will be. The strong doctrinism existing in England as regards the gold valuation is so blind that when the time of depression sets in there will be this special feature: The economical authorities of the country will refuse to listen to the cause here foreshadowed; every possible attempt will be made to prove that the decline of commerce is due to all sorts of causes and irreconcilable matter. The workman and his strikes will be the first convenient target. Then speculation and over-trading will have their turn. Later on, when foreign nations have recourse to protection, when a number of secondary causes develop themselves, then many would-be wise men will have the opportunity of pointing to specific reasons, which, in their eyes, account for the falling off in every branch of trade."

Harold then quoted from a *Banker's Magazine* of August, 1873, wherein it states that this same "Ernest Seyyed of London," who had expressed himself so forcibly against the demonetization of silver in 1871, "had

in 1872 been sent to this country, with a fund of five hundred thousand dollars, to effect the demonetization of silver," and again, from the *Congressional Globe* of April 9th, 1872, that "Ernest Seyed of London, a distinguished bullionist, who was then in the United States, had made various sensible suggestions in the drafting of the bill which revised the mint laws, which the committee had adopted and embodied."

"It is said," continued Harold, "that the original bill was drafted in the handwriting of this same Ernest Seyed. These statements have been denied but never disproved. If it is so—if it is true that he came here with five hundred thousand dollars to demonetize silver and accomplish the designs of the money power, think of it!—forty millions of people sold into bondage to that power for five hundred thousand dollars. Why, Benedict Arnold's crime sinks into insignificance compared to the financialized traitor who railroaded the scheme through, for all the tariff that an international traffic could stand and our people could support would not begin to equal the drain upon our nation through her products being sold at a valuation placed upon them by the gold standard which that bill thus enacted meant. In regard to these statements, circumstantial evidence is in accord with a transaction of that kind, and men have been hung on circumstantial evidence.

"The bill," he went on to explain, "which meant the demonetization of silver, and which was surreptitiously put through Congress as a bill entitled, 'A bill revising the laws relative to the mints, assay offices and coinage of the United States,' was, through the recommendation

of the chairmen of the finance committees in the Senate and House, passed by a body of congressmen and senators, many of whom have since admitted that they did not understand it, yet have accomplished nothing by way of reparation for the injury sustained by the people who entrusted them with their interests. At that time," said he, "Providence had seemed to favor the people by unearthing her rich silver treasury to replace the currency which had been withdrawn from circulation; a treasury of nature which threatened to overthrow the schemes of the money power until the passage of the bill which rendered it useless as full legal tender, when they once more rested easy, while the people slept."

Continuing, he reminded them how the greenbacks had been withdrawn from circulation for the purpose of resuming specie payment, and how silver had been rendered useless as specie payment and had been maintained at par only through taxing the people through the tariff to keep up the reserve of gold in the treasury necessary for redemption; how demonetization of silver had assisted England, which had been so dependent upon America for her products, to command a greater quantity of those products with gold enhanced in value through the money being thus limited to a single standard; how, with that enhanced gold, England had speculated in our silver bullion thus depreciated as it had speculated in our depreciated greenbacks, when the value was legislated from them, buying the silver at the greatly reduced price to which demonetization had forced it and coining it into dollars

or rupees with which to buy wheat from India, where the old standard of silver has been maintained, thus using our capital in that country to develop competition against us; how the panic that followed all this monetary legislation had left in its track misery, desolation and ruin.

Then, briefly, he reviewed the National Banking system, showing it to have been instrumental in the contraction and concentration of our money. He said: "The capitalist, not content with the legislation of the exception clause in our greenback, which in the beginning of the war created a demand for gold, to the exclusion of the greenback, and the subsequent substitution of interest-bearing bonds have been continually reaching out for further legislation, which has placed them in more complete control of our money. Having, during the war, forced the price of gold to a premium of one hundred and eighty-five cents above par, which of course, he continued, sarcastically, demonstrates the intrinsic or unchangeable value of gold when there is a double standard of money by which its price can be compared, the money syndicates lost no time getting in on that round. One hundred cents in gold demanded two hundred and eighty-five cents in greenbacks; greenbacks were receivable for bonds at one hundred cents on the dollar; interest on bonds was paid to bondholders in gold in advance; the gold thus received by the bondholders was again converted into greenbacks at two hundred and eighty-five cents on the dollar, with which more bonds were bought, and interest drawn in advance in gold again. Thus they rounded up our

money. But they not only part of the time received two hundred and eighty-five cents' worth of bonds for one hundred cents, but I believe that in many instances they actually got that double quantity of bonds, worth one hundred cents on the dollar, for nothing, and a present of the interest year after year besides. To state it hypothetically, the government sells to a national bank one thousand dollars worth of bonds, for which it receives the depreciated greenback, worth less than fifty cents on the dollar in gold, then the government hands back to the bank the interest in gold in advance; besides, it places the treasury money on deposit in the national banks without exacting any interest. According to the national banking law only twenty-five per cent of the deposits are required to be held in reserve. It is reasonable to suppose that those bankers do not lose a trick that is thrown into their hands like that, and that with our money on deposit in their banks they bought all the bonds they wanted or received a second interest on that money which they loaned out to us or speculated themselves; for it is said that at one time one of the 'pet' national banks had forty-three million dollars of the government money on deposit when the capital stock of the bank was but two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"With such an advantage as that it is natural that they should loudly protest against the government going into the banking business and loaning our money to us direct instead of giving it to them, receiving from us a revenue for the government expenses instead of taxing

us and throwing our money into the coffers of the money syndicates, to our detriment.

"But to return to the question of the bonds. Year by year these interest-bearing bonds were sold to take the place of our good greenback money, which bore no interest, which kept the people employed and afforded them a comfortable living, while the bonds swept everything from the laborer and were exempt from taxation. People who are told that over-production is the cause of low prices fail to connect the real cause with the effect as seen in business failures, shrinkage of the prices of farm products and property; wages cut to the starvation point; strikes, tramps, and mortgage foreclosures which take from us our lands as well as our money; and when a feeble protest is raised by those who can comprehend the game that is continually bleeding the people and objections are made to legislation in the interest of these robbers, they are instantly called anarchists and repudiators by the real traitors, who, in order to screen themselves, make such a hue and cry throughout the land that the people who do not know think that it is so nominated in the bonds. It is a fascinating game for those who play it, and I hear many say that they would do the same thing if they had the chance—but they will never get the chance; and when they come to realize that they are the people who are putting up for it, they will then understand that it is only a question of how long they—the people—will be able to hold out, and that should they pass away before the crisis comes they will know that they are leaving to the children whom

they love so well a heritage and continuance of this poverty and slavery.

"By the bond refunding act, made after the war was over, the debt-bearing interest rose to over two thousand million dollars and was exempt from taxation, while the circulation of the greenbacks, which bore no interest, fell to less than five hundred million dollars; and through that contraction of money and substitution of bonds, and other accompanying measures, the masses were reduced to poverty while the manipulators of finance made colossal fortunes.

"Congress is becoming largely made up of capitalists, speculators, and, indirectly, bankers placed in position through money power, while the people are but poorly represented. Yet, as far back as the third Congress of the United States, in 1793, a resolution was passed by Congress and signed by George Washington 'That any person holding any office or any stock in any institution in the nature of a bank for issuing or discounting bills or notes payable to bearer or order, could not be a member of the House while he held such office.'

"Yet you see in what manner Congress is represented by the national banks and other monopolies and how little the people have to say."

Notwithstanding that the matter of itself was somewhat dry and difficult for many of his hearers to follow, the earnestness of the speaker held their attention sufficiently to make them understand that the Americans had been duped and tricked out of half their money, and that it was largely due to the manipulations of money jugglers that times had steadily declined, with

only bubbles of prosperity, which had been fostered by a system of credit that the creditors might reap the harvest of the people's labor.

"The law of the United States," continued Harold, "defines monopoly as a public offense, and we have an example right here in our own town that clearly proves how much of a public offense it is.

"When our canning factory was started we began to hope for a home market for some of our products at a fairly remunerative price. We could afford to pay laborers to help us, in order that we could produce more; and when the time came to pay our bills at the stores in town we had money with which to pay them, as well as the interest on our mortgages. It encouraged us to work hard.

"The factory is not running now. Why? Because the agent of a large trust company came along and forced the individual owner to close it down, saying to him, in substance, you have the alternative to sell your plant to us, for which you will receive stock in our trust that will net you an equal amount of profit without the annoyance of employing labor, or we will break up your trade by underselling you in every market where you may introduce your goods. The principle is to limit the supply of canned goods in order to keep up the price and make a better profit on the transaction with less labor.

"The agent omitted any reference to the number of people who would thus be thrown out of employment in the factory and in the field, or the loss of the market to the farmer who helped to employ those

laborers and also made a market for the local storekeepers. He made no reference to the starving poor, who would thus be unable to buy the goods which demanded a higher price by the scarcity thus created. The general welfare of the people signified nothing to the manager of the trust, who only calculated on profits, heedless of the sacrifice of humanity, and thus regulated the price, regardless of the natural law of supply and demand.

"And so it is with the gold trust. The agent of the money power who came to this country with five hundred thousand dollars to demonetize silver did not demand that we close our mints to the equally free coinage of silver with gold; he did not demand that we strike from our standard dollar the unit of value which it had retained since the law of 1792, but the work was insidiously carried through our legislative body; silver was demonetized, and gold, being the only standard money left, rose in value just as the limited supply of canned goods that remained rose in value when our canning factory was shut down by the trust—for the more limited the supply the greater the price they would bring, and the more limited the supply of sound money coined and in circulation, the more that money would command.

"For fifteen years our people have been trying to get back to the old bimetallic basis of doing business, to pay our debts in the coin specified in our contracts. Since 1875 we have been feebly beating about the bush through monetary commissioners, trying to make an international standard of bimetallism again with our

creditor nation, England. Have we done it? No! and we never will accomplish it with the help of that nation. Why? Because it isn't England's ox that is being gored, and it is folly to think of getting them to join us in re-establishing bimetallism, when it means that they will have to pay full value for what they now receive for half price.

"Since 1875 able statesmen have advised that silver be remonetized at the old relation of sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold, without regard to the future policy of Europe, but in every instance intelligence has had to give way to avarice; insult has been added to injury in the cry of repudiation, which, through the influence of the money power, has so adroitly been raised to drown the cry of justice; and we, in this age of thought and reason, with the power of intelligence to will and to do, through our indifference and prejudice, continue to allow ourselves to be victimized, resting in the faith that the Almighty will perform a miracle and see fit to release us from the inhuman avarice that is grinding us to the earth. And just so long as we are content to plow and work and produce for that power to fatten upon the fruits of our labor, just so long we may. The elements of nature prove that life feeds on life and that it is force only that can scatter force. There is only one power equal to that of money—the power of knowledge. Knowledge is incompatible with slavery and despotism, and is intolerant of any form of rulership except through the intelligent will of the people. It is within the intelligent power of man to make this earth a heaven or a hell, and if we do not make use

of that intelligent force we are entitled to nothing and have no reason to complain against the people who are cunning enough to take advantage of the opportunities our neglect affords them. The sentiment upon which many rest—that justice will ultimately be done in this life—is a shadow and delusion; and the past experience of twenty-five years ought to teach us that the world is not governed by that wisdom that brings about exact justice, but by the force and cunning of human invention. It is through that cunning that the mind, which is prone to prejudice, has become blinded to the danger. Through the press, and artful device, our opinions have been formulated for us, and so insidiously grafted into our brains that we fancy it is a coincidence of thought, while at the same time we overlook the fact that the press is as liable to become prejudiced in favor of its party as we are, and to smooth out errors that might tend to create dissatisfaction, inasmuch as the editor is running his paper in the interest of the editor.

“Through the press alleged conservatism is lauded and radicalism is made odious. Radicalism means root: proceeding directly from the root; the foundation, the center. The synonyms are: Primitive, original, natural, underived, fundamental, entire, thorough. If you want to kill an obnoxious weed that is choking down the growth of the more wholesome product, do you just lop off the top of the weed? No! you go below the surface and root out the spreading fibres that undermine and sap the vitality from the earth, then the healthful plant springs up unimpeded: that is Radicalism.

"Now, what is Conservatism? A tendency to preserve what is established; opposition to change the habit or mind or conduct; having power to preserve in a safe or entire state, or from loss or waste, or injury.

"Did the alleged conservatives preserve what had been established for two thousand years when they allowed silver to be demonetized? Did the alleged conservatives oppose the change in the law which would have given us sufficient legal tender money with which to pay our war expenses with but little borrowing? Did the alleged conservatives preserve our government safe or entire from waste or loss or injury, rapine or plunder of the money power? If so, why are the American people today in a state of bondage to debt, many of them penniless, homeless and in want? If that is Conservatism give me Radicalism.

"As a beneficent result of radicalism, let me refer you to the model governed city of the world—Paris—and also its surrounding country, where all beneficiaries and monopolists are taxed for the support of the government that protects the weak as well as the strong. As a consequence, out of a population of nearly three million citizens of Paris one million are bank depositors, and when necessity arises the whole peasantry of the country come forward with their old tin cans and stockings and pour their savings into the treasury of France, receiving from France in return a direct benefit from its bond issues. Their courage and thrift is rewarded with prosperity, as far as the limited supply of money will permit. It was radicalism that brought about this result and rooted out the obsolete ideas of antiquity that alone tolerated abuse.

"I learn from my text books that 'the sole end and aim of government is to bring about the greatest good to the greatest number, and to be consistent with the divine conception of humanity that all are equal in the sight of God. Man is by nature selfish, and many would infringe on the rights of others for their own selfish ends if unrestrained;' hence arose the necessity for restraining laws which would govern all without discrimination.

"Blackstone, in his *Fundamental Principles of Law*, tells us in the 'Original Contract of Society' 'That the whole should protect all its parts, and that every part should pay obedience to the whole. That the community should guard the rights of each individual member, and that in return for this protection each individual should submit to the laws of the community. Without submission of all it is impossible that protection can be with certainty extended to any.'

"That is the true interpretation of Conservatism—to guard the interests of all alike, not to discriminate in the interests of the few corporations and trusts and monopolies, or in any way against the interests of the whole or any of its parts or people.

"Now is it because the government has brought about the greatest good to the greatest number that the majority of the people are enslaved to debt, are out of work and hungry, while a few possess colossal fortunes. No! it is because of the teachings of a counterfeit conservatism and the imaginary thing called faith that from the dawn of our existence has been instilled in our minds—a faith that is born of ignorance and prejudice,

fostered by that system of religion co-operating in the mind with the teachings of this alleged conservatism and that results in our submission to the yoke without allowing our minds to generate views that might be radical or opposed to the false teachings of the so-called conservative element. What we need is less faith and more common sense; less prejudice and more justice, or more freedom from every biasing and unconsciously corrupting influence; for, while we have been sleeping in the simplicity of our faith we have, through the conspiracy formed for the benefit of the few, been systematically robbed of our rights; and when, through this means, in spite of all our efforts, failure comes to us, instead of attributing it to the right cause we look upon it as an evidence of inferiority. We look for no justification of our course, ignorant that any exists; and when one fails he moves away, if he has anything left to move, into a newer country where people do not know of his struggles and failure, where the pity of his neighbors does not make him feel the degradation of his slavery. Then he becomes a farm tenant or a laborer, and his family barely exist upon his scanty earnings, hoping that some day the Almighty will see fit to lighten his burdens.

“That is the result of the teachings of alleged conservatism and the prejudice and credulity that prevents the average victim of this vicious system from enlightening himself—prejudice that will cause him to listen to and applaud and believe the sophistries advanced, because he wants to believe them and is not sufficiently posted to detect their errors. He repeats them to

others as ignorant as himself, and when, after each election he continues to suffer the consequence of his un wisdom and prejudice, he ascribes the wickedness of man to the order of the Almighty, and is told that it would have been much worse if the other party had been elected."

Harold continued giving familiar illustrations of his theories, carrying his audience with him in his graphic portrayals; for every argument he advanced he instructed them where to find the proofs.

"It is easy," said he, "for one to make statements and give corroborative evidence by citing certain passages in the constitutional laws, and omitting others which qualify the passages cited, and which might lead to a distinctly different understanding. So I say to you, do not take my word for what I have stated; take my advice and do not accept anyone's word or citation without looking up the whole matter for or against the statements that I have made. The records are open to every one to read for himself, and condensed copies can be had from Washington for very little trouble."

Then in the silence that had fallen on his listeners Harold stepped forward and impressively repeated the history of the battle of Gettysburg, where soldiers stood before the belching cannon and were mowed down by the hundreds, while strong men wept to see the heroic sacrifice of their brave comrades and fought like demons to preserve the country's honor; and at its conclusion he said: "You all know the part that my father took in the conflict; and for that bravery and sacrifice how was he rewarded? You all know that his

failure was the result of no mismanagement on his part. You know how year by year he struggled against these same conditions that are carrying so many before it down to ruin; how we all worked to keep our home, and how, in spite of our combined efforts, it slipped away from us. But you do not know how, in my early childhood, I clung to my mother in sympathy as I daily witnessed the anguish on her face while she worked—worked unceasingly, gradually wasting away under the blighting effects of hopeless poverty; and when all was over with her and the home was at last taken from us, how, almost broken-hearted, I led my father forth a maniac from the roof for which we had all toiled so hard. And do you mean to tell me that result was the just deduction from the principles of conservatism, and that it was the will of God that humanity should suffer like that? A thousand times no! say I. We are a part of the whole, and we claim protection from the whole against the robbers who would thus deprive us of our rights.”

As the bitter memories of the struggles and sufferings in his childhood's home arrayed themselves before him, his vivid and eloquent portrayal of conditions fairly electrified his hearers.

Farmers stood spellbound by the fire of Harold's genius. Not a syllable that he uttered was lost upon them. As the pathos of the condition of the many in their midst was shown to them and traced back to the cause, something kept tugging at their heart strings, and, in spite of their efforts to keep them back, the tears rolled down their sunburned cheeks. In the

midst of an almost breathless silence Harold ceased speaking. Many walked quietly away, ashamed to betray their emotion; old men spoke their praises in trembling voices. One said: "God bless the boy; who would have thought wisdom like that could have come from such a lad." Many crowded around him to grasp him by the hand, and express in homely phrase their appreciation of his efforts. A few sturdy men with determined faces remained to debate with the youth, and, to all their questions, he gave such a ready response that they were astonished at the sound logic of his mind.

Under the spreading branches of a friendly maple tree, the discussion which took place resulted in an immediate forming of an alliance. It was not a new movement, but there had been no organization in that county, and thus it was that it gained ground, and grew until it was destined to make the money power gather their strongest forces to meet and contend for supremacy.

CHAPTER X.

THE WANDERER.

It was not long before the young orator was called to speak in a neighboring county, then from town to town he journeyed, gathering the people together in district schoolhouses and market places, to listen to what he had to say. He endured many privations and met with many discouragements, but with him it became a labor of boundless love, and, despite the many temptations to turn aside from the work to which he had dedicated his life, he never faltered. Like the Nazarene, he took no thought of the morrow, but went among the poor and lowly, teaching his doctrine and instructing them wherein and by what means they were suffering oppression. His words were to the point, simple and earnest. To many his teachings were comparatively new, and he often evoked the rage of the opposing element. Led on by them he was many times reviled and jeered at, but he stood firm and unawed, nor was he influenced by their denunciations.

As his wonderful power to sway the people became known, many brilliant and lucrative offers were tendered him by the opposing force to forsake the party which had nothing to give him in reward for the sacrifice he was making in their behalf, and to turn his genius to his own account by serving the party of riches and power.

Many tender missives from lovelorn maids and women of high degree found their way into his hands, but although possessing all the passions of an ardent

nature, to all he turned a deaf ear and remained strong and steadfast in his devotion to the cause and the principles upon which his faith had been founded. But there were moments when an indescribable sense of loneliness and utter desolation would overpower him, an intense longing for recognition from a kindred spirit, for which he felt that he could sacrifice all. At such times he would cry out, "Oh, God! I am so lonely, so wretched, so unhappy!" Then sobbing aloud he would bury his tear-stained face in his pillow lest he should be heard in the stranger's home; thus many times would he cry himself to sleep. He was only a boy, and had taken upon his fragile shoulders a herculean task.

Daily he continued his missionary work, organizing alliances in counties and States, until through self-neglect and the privations that he endured as the years went by his health forsook him and he was forced to seek a more genial climate.

Harold's brother possessed a restless, adventurous spirit, and had determined to try his fortunes in the far west. His only sister had long been married, and, having no binding ties in the East, Harold concluded to accompany his brother, and together they journeyed to California.

There was found a climate free from the cruel cold of winter and the oppressive heat of summer; a country from which unlimited wealth had been taken and whose boundless resources lay still undeveloped; a land so rich in soil and climate that in many places two crops a year were easily produced; yet, in that land where

poverty should be unknown, he found a people in almost absolute bondage to monopolies and their corrupt influences. There monopoly and oppression went hand in hand, and usury, to the extent of ten per cent. a month, made a black and damning spot upon the county records of her State. There, in San Francisco, he found the water which God gave to the earth so generously, costing the people, in many instances, more than the price of their bread, and that in spite of protest and public opinion, few supervisors could be found to fix the rates at a more reasonable figure, while monthly payments from the people were compelled in most arbitrary and despotic terms.

Comparing the facilities for supplying water to the city with the municipalities where the cost of the plant owned by cities was far greater than the cost of the waterworks that furnished water to San Francisco, instances were found where the same amount of water was allowed at one-tenth the cost of that charged by the San Francisco Water Company, and in Glasgow, where the water works represented an outlay of fourteen million dollars, two hundred gallons of water were supplied for one American cent, while the income above the liberal running expenses, repairs, etc., was two hundred thousand dollars per annum, which was applied to a sinking fund which paid off each year two per cent. of the capital invested.

With the gas, the city had been lighted free of cost and in addition a large revenue turned in to the municipality as its share of the profits, the maximum price for a satisfactory quality of gas used by the consumer,

was fixed by the city councilmen at sixty cents per one thousand feet, while the total cost of the plant was being constantly reduced, in addition to allowing liberally for expenses, etc.

In San Francisco the streets and highways that belonged to the people had practically been given away or franchises purchased at nominal figures, while the people poured into the coffers of the monopolies thus created an immense revenue, which, had the city retained the ownership as the rights of the people demanded, they would have been used to benefit all alike. "It is a simple problem," remarked Harold. "The streets and public highways belong to the people, who are taxed for grading, paving, sewerage, etc. Rapid means of transportation are necessary to facilitate business. Without having time to investigate the matter, authority is given to councilmen (who are always supposed to be worthy of the trust reposed in them) to make suitable disposition of the privileges for street railways.

"Instead of utilizing the people's rights of way, and retaining for the city expenses the hundreds of thousands of five cent pieces that each day are poured into the coffers of the monopoly, the supervisors give this exclusive right to a set of individuals, who, upon attaining possession of this valuable property, are enabled to sell it for a large sum, or to bond it just as the city could bond it, dispose of those bonds for money with which to build and equip the road, and put it in condition to extort excessive fares from the people to whom it rightfully belongs, while the monopolies

thus easily created have seemingly never considered the proposition that a reduction of fares would be compatible with the universal decline of prices. In Glasgow, which now owns its own street railways, when application for a franchise was made in 1872, the lines were built by the city and leased to a syndicate until 1894. The terms were as follows: 'First, the company was required to pay to the city the annual interest charge on the full amount of the city's investment; second, a yearly sum for a sinking fund, large enough to clear the entire cost of the line at the expiration of the lease in 1894; third, a renewal fund of four per cent. per annum on the cost of the lines, out of which they were to be kept in proper condition and restored to the city in perfect order in 1894 entirely as good as new; fourth, a yearly rental of seven hundred and fifty dollars per street mile must be paid to the city. The public were further benefited by a passenger rate not exceeding one cent per mile, and morning and evening working people were carried for half price. The dividends in 1880, after portioning off a certain amount for first losses were ten per cent. The total mileage of the roads was thirty-one miles. In 1894 the city, in accordance with the popular will of the people, took possession and operated the road. The old company had kept their employees at their posts often for fourteen hours; twelve hours was the minimum time. The city company fixed ten hours a day and a satisfactory schedule of wages.' Not only were the water, gas and railroads, controlled by the city, but numerous other public utilities were operated by the municipality, which

benefited the people and allowed a liberal remuneration for city improvements."

These reports Harold had gathered from authentic books on municipal government abroad, and repeated them almost verbatim as he had read them.

Upon realizing the grinding power of the Pacific Railroad monopoly in crushing out competition, and driving commerce to other ports, he became a staunch advocate of government ownership of railroads, public highways and necessities, the conduct of which has always proved so vastly remunerative and beneficial to the people wherever this experiment has been honestly tried. By facts and figures he demonstrated that in countries where the government owned its roads, no other branch of public property had paid so handsomely and so easily. He also advocated the opening of the Nicaragua canal to facilitate international commerce, to enter competition with the railroad monopoly and to furnish a cheaper and more rapid means of ocean transportation for troops in case of war. Then he reviewed the conditions as he learned that they had existed for over twenty years in California. How thoughtful and leading spirits had ably spoken in denunciation of the scheming of the Pacific Railroad Company to hold a monopoly over the Pacific Coast, and how, through the indifference of the people, they had steadily and mercilessly gained ground, and, as many admitted, placed a noose about their necks, against which they dared not pull for fear of tightening.

In his denunciation of the combined and unlawful power and despotism of the different monopolies, he

soon obtained a large following. Although he spoke to assemblages that numbered thousands, and possessed the power to hold the almost breathless attention of an audience in a long address, scarcely any mention of his name was ever seen in the leading party papers. He was distinctly a danger to the class politicians, and to be avoided. The conditions in California were becoming insupportable. The State was in the complete control of monopoly power, whose instruments put their infamous measures in lawful operation in the face of opposition. His expose of the facts could not be refuted, hence the only thing to do was to ignore him.

Although he was not chronicled far and wide by the leading papers, the people knew him, and while his arguments often required him to deal largely in statistics and figures, which to the average mind are confusing, dry and uninteresting, thousands of men were aroused from their lethargy; organizations of farmers' alliances were effected, and the people were fast being united in a just cause that was some day to rise up in a spontaneous burst of patriotism.

From California he journeyed to Nevada. He had been speaking in a partisan town, strongly swayed by party prejudices and self-interest, and during his speech he had many times been interrupted by hisses and portentous language. At the close of the address friends gathered around to warn him of threatened danger, offering him safe escort to his hotel. In his heart he was brave and fearless, and with a good natured, boyish laugh, he gracefully declined, and for the time dispelled their fears, but he realized when too

late that it would have been wiser to have accepted their kindly offers. He had not gone far when he was set upon by three hired ruffians, and in his attempt to release himself from the powerful grasp of one of the wretches his arm was broken. Overcome by the intensity of the pain, Harold fell to the earth in a faint. At that moment his assailants, hearing footsteps approaching, fled. The night watch, who had thus interrupted the encounter, discovered Harold lying upon the ground with white, upturned face. He lost no time in summoning assistance to remove him to the hotel, where a surgeon set the broken arm and ordered the patient to remain quiet for at least a period of ten days; but the young orator had been called to speak in a neighboring mining district upon the following night, and knowing the place to be an almost deserted camp, he felt that the requirements would be but a small drain upon his vitality, so rather than disappoint the people whom he knew would come for miles around to hear him speak upon the question, which was of so much importance to them, he determined to make the effort in their behalf.

His face was white and drawn with pain as, on the following evening, he advanced to acknowledge the introduction to the audience gathered in the huge log cabin, which was packed to the door with miners from the surrounding camps. His left arm, which he had taken from the sling, hung helpless by his side. For a moment he stood irresolute and hesitating, almost overcome by the sickening sensation caused by the pain in his broken arm, then he rallied, and his eyes wandered about and finally rested upon the beautiful face

of a young girl, which seemed to the youth like a delicate carving, wrought by a master hand as it stood out in striking contrast to the assemblage of rough looking men. Her large brown eyes sparkled with intelligence, the glow in her cheeks bespoke the fullness of health; a wealth of waving brown hair fell in luxuriant profusion about her neck and shoulders; and as Harold looked into those wondrous eyes, his imagination fevered with pain, there arose beside the young girl the form of his mother, who stood with a smile of encouragement upon her face.

Words came to him again, as they did upon that memorable beginning of his career, except that he gave the arguments and facts, which had now become most interesting to the miner. His voice, which was strong and pleasing, filled the large cabin without exertion. Once he paused in the delivery of his discourse, feeling that he was about to succumb to the weakening effects of pain, then his eyes rested for an instance upon the upturned face of the young girl, whose countenance bespoke her interest in the subject—as if by magic he was again spurred on to renewed power, and as his thoughts gathered force, he poured them forth to his appreciative listeners with the same earnestness and intensity of expression that had marked his former efforts, and as usual finished his speech in a silence which for a time remained unbroken. The neglected arm now demanded its due. He looked into the face of the mountain maid and saw the tears glistening like dew drops upon the long lashes, then his body swayed like a reed and he fell to the floor in a swoon.

Hearts grown large in communion with grand old nature, beat in sympathy with the young stranger and ready hands quickly removed a door from its hinges and carefully laid his form upon it. Visitors at the camp had become so infrequent that no public house had been kept open and Judge Mason ordered that the stranger be carried to his cabin, where through the day the Marchioness and Loy could look after his comfort.

All night the youth tossed about in his bed in the delirium of fever. Late in the following day the physician, who had been sent for in a neighboring camp, arrived and after examining the fracture, which fortunately had been well treated by the surgeon who had set the arm, prepared a soothing lotion and remedies for the fevered condition and strictly enjoined that under no circumstances should the young man be allowed to speak in public again until after the fracture was thoroughly healed.

CHAPTER XI.

"BILL THE FIDDLER."

For several days Harold remained wholly unconscious. In his delirium he lived again the scenes of his childhood; his mother's death, his subsequent misfortunes and the sufferings of the people, which seemed burned into his very soul, then the vision of the beautiful mountain maid appeared to him in his dreams. At last he awoke to consciousness, his eyes wandered about the cabin, artistically decorated with robes and furs and trophies of the hunter and miner, and when he beheld the picturesque figure of the young girl in her simple white frock, he exclaimed: "Where am I?"

"You must remain quiet," said the Marchioness in a low musical voice that at once charmed the invalid, and anticipating his desire to learn what had befallen him since the night of his lecture, she hastened to add, "You have been very ill for several days from the effects of your broken arm and the doctor said that it would be two weeks or more before you would be able to go about; in the meantime you are not to worry, as that will retard your recovery. You are in our cabin and we are trying to make you well as quickly as possible. Here, take this," she continued with the air of a trained nurse, as she measured a teaspoonful of medicine and put it to his lips. Harold opened his mouth, while the Marchioness poured the nasty tasting stuff down his throat.

"There now," she commanded, "you are not to talk at all and you must go right to sleep if you can."

"How can I afford to lie here so long," thought

Harold, "when there is so much work to be done." Then he reasoned that his disobedience to the commands of the surgeon, who had first set his arm, had resulted in this enforced idleness and concluded that further heedlessness might cause him to pay a heavier penalty and that his wisest course would be to follow instructions. A feeling of gratitude and pleasure caused him to express his thankfulness to the young girl, then he closed his eyes and fell asleep. When his heavy, regular breathing assured the Marchioness that he was resting, she stole quietly from the room that he might remain undisturbed.

Another day of quiet restored the mind of the young orator to its normal condition, but the fever had left him weak and as he attempted to rise he realized that his recovery would be slow.

He soon found himself wondering at the relations existing between the rough old miner and the young girl so unlike him, yet who called him "Daddy" in such an endearing tone.

Surely, thought he, that beautiful girl, so intelligent and refined, cannot be the daughter of that rough miner; there is not a trace of resemblance between them.

Later, the old Judge was seated near the bedside of the youth, discussing the political situation. The Marchioness had evinced such a deep interest in their debate that the stranger remarked upon it on her withdrawal from the room, whereupon the conversation led up to the point which was of interest to the young man.

"Your daughter does not resemble you," said Harold

in reply to a fond expression from the Judge concerning the young girl.

The Judge laughed and said, "I shouldn't think she would, unless it war by living with me ever since she came into the world; you know they say that folks that live together sometimes get to lookin' alike."

"She's not your daughter then?"

"No," replied the Judge, "but she's just as dear to me, and so be I to her."

Then he related the circumstances of her birth and and the romance of her early childhood; Loy's faithfulness in remembrance of the mother whom he adored, not forgetting to mention the dog Tige, a hideous freak of nature with long legs and clumsy looking body striped like a tiger, that looked like a mixture of bloodhound and bulldog. Tige had been left a starving puppy in their camp many years before, and formed such an attachment to its young mistress, who had tended and nursed it back to life, that the dog was wretched whenever the girl was out of his sight.

Then Harold learned of Bill, the professional looking man and his wonderful fiddle, that "could most speak like the human voice;" here the miner again waxed enthusiastic, "You just ort to hear Bill fiddle," he exclaimed, "he's way ahead of anything you ever did see, an' meetin' house music!—He just beats hell on meetin' house music," he added, his manner indicating his profound admiration of his friend's talent.

The youth smiled at the old man's honest appreciation, thinking that the "meetn' house" music mentioned consisted principally of the threadbare tunes he had so often heard played upon the country organs.

"And as fur dance music," continued the Judge, "well, its just wonderful. When he fust come here to camp people called him the crazy fiddler, because he could set all the boys and gals to dancin' as if they wus possessed, and he would make every bit of it up as he went along. It wus like drinkin' whiskey to listen at him, and it would make 'em all fly 'round as if they wus drunk or crazy from the effect it hed on 'em. You must git him and the Marchioness to play and sing for you, when you git well enough to listen; it'll do you good, fur when he and the Marchioness gits wound up, you kinder want ter hold your breath, like-as a fellow does when you's a speakin'!"

"Is that the way it affected you?" said the boy, blushing and laughing in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"You bet! You whooped it up fur the boys the other night. We never heard such speakin' as that before, nor larned so much from any other speaker; it wus just as if we wus findin' it all out fur ourselves, and afore we knowed where we wus at, you wus layin' down on the platform as if you wus dead."

"It was very good of you, Judge, to bring me to this comfortable cabin and treat me so well," said the boy, while the tears glistened in his eyes and he laid his hand caressingly upon that of the whole-souled miner.

"Oh, that's nuthin'; I couldn't think of allowin' you to be taken to the noisy saloon, where the men sometimes git pretty well warmed up playin' poker an' drinkin', an' that's about the only place thar is 'round here; besides, when you git stronger, I've got a good many things I'm savin' up to ask you about, what I

don't quite understand about the money question. The Marchioness and Bill are as anxious to hear you talk as I be. I reckon you'll have to speak agin in the hall before you leave here."

"I certainly will, with pleasure, and I will be very glad to explain all that I have learned concerning the matter; for I know from experience that it takes much time and thought to understand these questions."

Loy entered with a bowl of delicious broth and bread for the invalid, and announced that dinner was ready, whereupon the old miner withdrew for the time.

After dinner it was the Marchioness' turn to care for the patient, and so strengthened had the young man become by the nourishing broth, that he felt quite in the spirit of conversation when the young girl evinced an interest in his work.

From her speech and manner Harold knew that from some source the Marchioness had acquired an education of a superior order, and he wonderingly questioned her.

In reply, the Marchioness, who had overheard the Judge mention her instructor, said, "You know Bill?"

Harold smiled, as he felt that another disclosure of Bill's incomparable accomplishments was about to take place.

"Yes, I've heard of Bill," replied he.

"Well," continued the Marchioness, "Bill is a graduate from the University of Yale and is also a very fine musician; he once had a select class of pupils in New York city. He fell in love with one of the young ladies whose father was rich and who forced his

daughter to marry a man of wealth. Bill was very poor, and, although he felt that the young lady returned his love, he never told her of his affection, and when she married he gave up his class and came out here to live in the mountains."

"Why didn't he tell the young lady that he loved her?"

"He thought that it was not right to speak of it when he was so poor and had no home to offer her; I think he was very foolish to make himself so unhappy—don't you."

"Well, perhaps," replied the youth, thoughtfully.

"Isn't it funny that just because a girl has a lot of money and the man who loves her has none, he thinks that he must not tell her how much he loves her?"

"A penniless man," returned Harold, "who marries a rich woman lays himself open to severe censure, and oftentimes contempt, no matter whether he has any motive or not, and in many instances men will hesitate rather than place themselves in such a position."

"If I had a lot of money and loved a man whom I knew loved me, I would not hesitate to tell him so—would you?"

The boy laughed at her earnestness and said: "Do you think so, little girl?"

"Why, yes, of course; why shouldn't I?"

"Well, you know, in the world that would be looked upon as bad form."

"I would not care for the world, then, if it makes

people so unhappy and keeps them from saying and doing what is right."

"That is what I think, little one, and I find that it is a hard struggle to battle against the world and dare to stand alone in what one believes to be right."

Feeling that Harold's remark sprang from the experience of his own life, the Marchioness rejoined, "I wish that you would talk to me about your work. I am more interested than you can imagine."

"Are you really?" returned Harold, much pleased. "I shall be glad to do so later on, but you were going to tell me something about yourself and Bill."

"Oh, yes! I quite forgot. Well, when Bill left New York and came here to live in the mountains, there was a great excitement about the discovery of mines down around where the old Pilgrim mine was located and here in Beaver Gulch Bill thought he might strike it if he tried mining, but the excitement died out and the camp was almost deserted, until a revival of mining interest was induced by the operators of a New York stock company, of which my father was the secretary. During that excitement there was for a time quite a population here in camp and in the winter months Bill taught the children. They left a number of school books, which he collected and used for my benefit, and for the text books of the higher branches he sent East. I love Bill as much as I do Daddy and Loy, in fact, I scarcely know any difference in my feeling toward my three protectors. Loy was a tender nurse to me and from the moment of my birth has constantly cared for me like a mother as well as a servant, while Daddy—

well—he has always been Daddy to me,” she said with emotion which expressed her boundless love, “and Bill is like the best of uncles; so you see that although I am really an orphan, I have never known what it was to be without father and mother and godfather. But Bill is a sort of recluse and when he is not with Daddy or me he prefers to be alone. We usually spend three hours each day at my recitations and studies and several more in practicing and singing.”

“I fear then,” exclaimed Harold, “that my illness has interrupted your daily routine.”

“Oh, that does not matter, we will make up for it when we begin again.”

“Would you mind favoring me with some music?” said Harold, feeling fatigued.

“Would you like to hear me?” she returned, eager to exercise her fingers upon the keys which for several days had remained untouched.

“I should be delighted, I’m sure,” returned Harold.

“But if I weary you, you must let me know,” she said, hesitatingly, as she approached the piano, “because I often forget to stop.”

Then she commenced to play one of Bill’s maddest, merriest compositions in her expression of delight at being released from the restraint caused by the young man’s illness. Bill soon entered with his violin and giving the stranger a pleasant nod of recognition, joined the Marchioness in bringing forth such harmony of sound as never before had greeted the ears of the listener.

The Marchioness, forgetting for the instant that she

might be taxing the stranger's forbearance, raised her voice in song. At first it was low and sweet, then, as the music swelled into a crescendo, her voice mounted higher and higher, while she trilled and seemed to toy with each note before she allowed it to escape from her throat. Then it was for the first time that Harold experienced the sensation he had so often created: the power of the soul expressed in the human voice. His heart almost stopped beating. "It is the voice of an angel spirit reincarnated," thought he; and as the last note rang out through the stillness of the room for the moment he closed his eyes that he might prolong the exquisite pleasure.

At that instant the Marchioness turned and beheld the patient thus resting. Thinking that he had fallen asleep, as the Judge had so often done while she sang, she placed her finger to her lips and motioned to Bill to follow her from the room.

The quiet and the sweet sound lingering in his ears soothed the patient into a sleep from which he did not waken for several hours.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LESSON IN ECONOMICS.

The Marchioness was again by his bedside when he awoke. She hastened to chide him for allowing her to weary him with her singing.

The thrilling effect of the sweet tones still lingered with him and, after a pause, he said:

"Little girl, you do not understand. I enjoyed your music so much that I could not bear to have the spell broken, and I closed my eyes that I might retain the sound as long as possible. When I found that you had gone from the room and left me no opportunity to thank you for the pleasure that you and your instructor had afforded me, I fell asleep."

The Marchioness' cheeks flushed with pleasure at the compliment, then she looked abashed. Bill had made it a point to withhold praise from his pupil, thus fostering the love of music that was inherent in her nature for the sake of that music alone, and the Marchioness scarcely knew how to reply, except to return a modest expression of satisfaction at Harold's appreciation.

"I can now understand," remarked Harold, "since I have seen and heard your teacher, what an advantage a daily association with him has been. But tell me, are you never discontented in this limited sphere?"

"Do you call this sphere limited?" said the Marchioness, reproachfully. Then her eyes turned in fond admiration to the grand old mountains, upon whose sides the shadows were slowly creeping, while the

heavens were aglow with the reflection of the sun, sinking like a great ball of fire behind their towering peaks.

An inspiration came to the youth as his eyes followed the glance of the young girl, and for a moment he was silent, then he sighed and said:

"No, it is not a limited sphere to one who has not witnessed the sorrows and sufferings of the vast world beyond. It is the work of God that has never known desecration, unlike the rights of humanity that are forever being trampled upon, and I can understand how you, who have been so tenderly nurtured and left to roam free and untrammelled, are imbued with the spirit of boundless love and veneration for its majesty."

Harold looked with a new interest upon the young girl so munificently endowed, whose nature seemed to partake of the grandeur of her surroundings. Imperious yet gentle, superior yet lowly, living almost like a princess of Utopia with the rough old miner, a Chinaman and the wonderful musician, who from the depths of his wounded heart poured forth such sweet harmony of sounds.

Harold continued:

"But, my child, you do not expect to remain here forever in these mountains, with no woman companionship?"

"That is what Daddy says, but he knows that I shall never leave him, and Daddy wouldn't know what to do elsewhere. Besides, we do not care to go from here."

"Perhaps on the whole," replied Harold, "it is better for you to remain here in contentment than to become a restless wanderer like me."

"Oh, but your work is so grand," responded the Marchioness. "I would not mind if I could accomplish the good that you do."

"But, child, you little dream of the hardships endured in a life like mine. I have always worked on the losing side, sometimes with scarcely a ray of hope to lead me on. I have been reviled and jeered at by those who are opposed to the cause, derided for being a precocious boy, repeating only what I had committed to memory for the purpose, and when I have challenged debate, to prove my knowledge of the situation, have been ignored or laughed at as a child, by those who did not dare to stand the test. I have had all manner of snares laid for me."

"Ah, but youth is no fault," responded the Marchioness, "was it not John Wesley who said, 'I honor a young man because he may be doing good when I am dead,' and you are doing good now, and when you are older you will be able to prove to the people that you speak from the heart and not from the lips."

The sun had gone down, the twilight was gradually deepening. The Marchioness gathered courage from its friendly shadows, and timidly ventured a desire to learn more of the questions which were of such vital interest to the nation. Whereupon Harold assured her that it would afford him the greatest pleasure to give her such instruction as he was capable of. Upon the following day he led his pupil through the labyrinth of the political situation with such ease and simplicity that the study became of intense interest to the Marchioness, who delighted in solving problems that taxed

her mental powers. From him she learned why the monetary question was becoming paramount to all others through the necessities and sufferings of the people. How the legislation that had decreased the volume of sound money had rendered it impossible for the people to free themselves from the bondage of debt, which had been incurred before that legislation had reduced the value of their securities. How the masses were struggling in want, hopeless, and blind to their peril, and how the repeal of that law was necessary to the welfare of the people.

The Marchioness knew, from daily experience, that silver mining had gradually become less and less profitable, and for that reason the Judge could not afford to hire laborers, but it had not occurred to her that the price of the bullion had decreased from being deprived of its demand for use as money, which left gold only as redemption money ; and when she learned that the population of the world was one thousand, four hundred million, that the aggregate debt of the different nations to the gold monopolies was twenty-seven thousand million dollars, and that the amount of gold in the whole world was less than four thousand million dollars, she could not see, with the limited supply of gold in the world, compared to the national debts and population, how twenty-seven thousand million dollars worth of debts could ever be paid with only four thousand million dollars in money for redemption. And with the greater share of that in the hands of the few, who controlled its circulation, she could readily perceive that perpetual slavery of the

masses was thus inevitable, while the power of those who directed the volume of money was mightier than the mightiest, and that they could dictate their policy to the rulers of nations.

The Marchioness pondered long and deeply over the situation that thus presented itself, and could not understand wherein lay the temptation to make such a wanton sacrifice of humanity for so short a period of earthly gain. Upon discussing the issuance of the greenback later on, said the Marchioness to Harold, "I do not quite understand the meaning of the exception clause; I wish that you would tell me more about it."

"When war was declared," responded Harold: "all the gold and silver specie controlled by the money syndicates was hidden away for the purpose of commanding a high premium when the necessity for its use became imperative. It was soon found that there was no money with which to meet the war expenses and relieve the distress of the soldiers and the people.

"The banks, when called upon to loan the government the money necessary, offered to exchange their notes for government bonds bearing a high rate of interest, which must be made payable in gold, the bankers' notes in the meantime to be discounted twenty per cent.: that is to say, that the government would receive eighty cents' worth of bankers' notes, which were considered doubtful, for one hundred cents in government bonds backed by the United States government, and bearing a high rate of interest, which must be made payable in gold in advance.

"We had no credit abroad. Foreign capitalists would

loan us nothing at the time, as they hoped to see our republic go down in the struggle, and Wall street syndicates, it was said, asked as high as twenty-four and thirty-six per cent. interest, knowing that the United States must have money, and that the money syndicates controlled the supply.

"Abraham Lincoln, foreseeing a greater disaster in the enslavement of the whole people to the money power by submitting to such an extortion, at once turned to Congress for speedy relief. He read from the Constitution of the United States that Congress had power to coin money, and at his instigation the edict went forth that an issue of treasury notes, or greenbacks, not bearing interest, should be made full legal tender, payable for all debts public and private.

"Thus, in the beginning of the war, we were without credit, and without aid from any foreign nation or money power, enabled to carry on the struggle for freedom without going into debt. The first issue of the greenback completely routed the bankers and money syndicates. The law declared it full legal tender, it was worth just as much as their gold, and removed the necessity of borrowing from them. The only use left them for their hoarded money was to put it in circulation again on a par value of one hundred cents on the dollar. The result would be the same again if the law once more declared silver full legal tender.

"The bankers were very much chagrined over their defeat, they had lost control of the finances of the country.

"They soon held a convention in Washington and,

almost coincident with this convention, Congress consummated an act whereby it was stipulated that the greenback, which in its first issue was full legal tender for all debts public and private, should become full legal tender for all debts public and private, *except duties on imports and interest on bonds*, which should be paid in coin. Thus was a demand for gold created."

"But what difference did that make?" interrupted the Marchioness.

"The duties we were taxed to pay on importations brought a certain amount of revenue for Government expenses. There were no southern crops produced during the war, consequently our supplies of sugar, cotton, coffee, tea and other foreign commodities were imported. The prices, with the duties payable in greenbacks, were already very high and quite beyond the reach of many, and when the duty became receivable only in coin it taxed the people just double in paying the price of imported necessities through the demand for gold thus created immediately raising it to a premium, or in other words, lowered the value of our greenbacks compared with the gold, inasmuch as it took twice the amount or more of greenbacks by way of premium to purchase necessities on which the duties became payable in gold. Again, it made a difference in our national expenses, which would have been about twelve hundred million dollars, with but little interest to pay, if we had carried on our war to the end without the exception clause in our greenback, which deprived it of its full legal tender, instead of about thirty-three hundred million and interest."

"But what was the reason given?"

"I do not know that any was given at the time ; nearly all details of legislation were lost to view in the great excitement attending the war. These laws were enacted from time to time and there was always some plausible excuse for each separate act. Disinterested people never thought that the exception clause was made in anticipation of further bonded indebtedness, which we did not need so long as our greenbacks remained full legal tender for all debts, public and private ; but from that time on gold continued at a premium. Yet capitalists will prate upon the intrinsic value of gold, when a thing that is intrinsically good does not change in value. And whether gold is openly negotiable at a premium of one hundred and eighty-five cents on the dollar, or whether its purchasing power of two hundred cents or more on the dollar is now concealed through having no other standard by which it can be compared, it virtually amounts to the same thing. The value of each metal is determined by that for which it exchanges ; and if gold will command twice as much products and twice as much labor to produce them as it did prior to the demonetization of silver, that is conclusive evidence to a logical mind that gold has appreciated in value instead of silver depreciating, inasmuch as the price of demonetized silver is about on a par with all other commodities, with the exception of certain times when the manipulations of some combination or trust, or other abnormal condition, such as short crops abroad, war or famine, have created an unusual demand in products which for the time raised the price.

"Silver has only lost in price as an unavoidable result

of demonetization. The demand for gold and silver is due principally to its use as money, the price is regulated by the law of supply and demand; and since silver is no longer in demand as money, there is no price for it, nor for anything else for lack of it. The science of political economy teaches us that gold and silver are valuable, aside from their use in the arts and as subsidiary coin, only through being monetized by law; that their principal demand is due to that law alone that makes them money; and nothing but a change overturning that law can lessen the demand and cheapen the price of either metal, as the earth's supply of both metals is too limited for either one to become cheap through any unlimited demand for free coinage or any expansion of circulation, since the law that made them money fixed a steady level or ratio of values between the two metals, beyond which neither metal could go.

"It has been conceded that commerce could not safely be conducted upon a single standard of money; that there is barely sufficient to carry on a normal condition of trade with both metals in use; and to decrease the money one-half through demonetization, with a constantly increasing world's population, forces us upon a credit basis of business which, on account of the limited amount of gold in the world for redemption of that credit, means perpetual payment of tribute or interest to our creditors, with the value of that interest doubled and trebled by commanding from us double service through labor to produce a double quantity for the money. This, together with the tax imposed upon us indirectly through the purchase of necessities appreciated in

value through tariff, in order to keep up the interest on our floating debt and support this gold standard so that we can maintain our money at par with it, adds that much more to the burdens that are breaking us down. It has been computed that the interest on our debt to foreign capitalists, exclusive of other annuities, amounts to one million and a half dollars every twenty-four hours. This I learn from a financial paper circulated privately among bankers. Thus our money goes from us and we are still left in debt. These conditions cannot lead to anything but bondage and ultimate ruin, and that is all that it means when the money power under a pretense of conservatism claim that the people will adjust themselves to the gold standard—or, to state it more plainly, to adjust themselves to this half way of living, just as the congested population in the provinces of China have been adjusted to living upon from three to six cents a day.

“The record, however, has been broken by Americans who, I learn, do not eat at all many times when they cannot get work.

“It is not only the United States, but nearly the whole world that is suffering for want of money. Nearly all the world is reduced to a state of slavery through the cunning manipulations of this money power—corralled, as it were, like cattle in a pen upon the very ground that is their own by birthright, but which is lost to them through the lack of exercise of their God-given reason—a penalty that the inexorable law of retribution exacts for the neglect of the duty which one owes to one's self to maintain one's manhood in the highest degree and that equality of rights that is one's natural inheritance.

"It is a glorious prospect for those who understand the situation to look forward to, for ourselves and a future generation; but lack of opportunities, poverty and ignorance, brought about by coercing us into a maintenance of this standard of such limited quantity of money, will make it easier for a future generation to adjust themselves to those contracted conditions than for the present generation, as our education is wholly incompatible with the present situation.

"But, pardon me! in my desire to make this dry matter perfectly clear, I fear that I have wearied you with my extended explanation."

"On the contrary, I am deeply interested," responded the Marchioness; "I do not quite understand about the different ratios though."

"The production or weight ratio is about eighteen ounces of silver to one of gold. The legal ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold was fixed by the same law which made silver and gold equally full legal tender money, in order to maintain a steady par value of the two metals, despite any fluctuations in the production of either metal, which had always varied largely and also to keep the monetary values fixed to a certain limit beyond which any unusual demand for either metal could not force them.

"This was done in order to make a stable medium of exchange that the people might know upon what basis to plan and conduct business, for any change in the monetary basis created a feeling of uncertainty and panic. But since demonetization of silver the commercial ratio has been regulated by the London money

market and its commercial value as a commodity has reached as high as thirty-one to one, and the price of silver, compared to gold, is steadily declining, while the production of gold over silver is increasing.

"When silver was used as money at the legal ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold, its bullion value was slightly more than gold, hence gold never went out of the country on account of silver being in use as full legal tender. This slight difference was due to the ratio in France being fifteen and one-half to one, in order to get more silver into her country, France thus giving nearly four cents more per ounce than the United States."

"Well, then, if silver monetized was worth as much as gold, what is meant by saying that the Government would ruin its credit if it paid its debts in anything but gold?"

"Although silver was standard money when those debts were contracted the civilized nations of the world now use gold coin only as standard money. When the government bonds were issued just after the war, it was done, so it was said, for the purpose of returning to specie payment and retiring the greenback, so we made the bonds payable in coin where before they were made payable in lawful money. This was done to strengthen our credit abroad."

"But you said we hadn't any credit abroad."

"That was when the war commenced," returned Harold, amused at her earnestness.

"Well, wasn't that the only time that we needed it, and if our government was not good for its greenbacks

that bore no interest, how could it make its credit any better by substituting bonds?"

"The bonds were made for a certain period and drew interest, and in the resumption of specie payment we would again be upon a hard money basis, which was contracted by the limited quantity of gold and silver in the world, and which possessed a greater international value than our depreciated greenbacks."

"Why, then, were times so hard when, during that time, we were producing large quantities of silver from our mines."

Harold was pleased at her question, and said: "Soon after specie payment was resumed it began to be understood that the coinage act of 1873 had demonetized silver, and that it was no more a full legal tender than the greenback was after the exception clause was legislated into that. The act of 1873 left gold only as the standard money, with free and unlimited coinage, where hitherto silver had always enjoyed that same privilege. The limited amount of gold produced by the earth proved inadequate to the demands made upon it, consequently times continued hard until the silver purchasing act of 1878 for a short time slightly relieved the distress; but the amount of the purchase was limited, as also was its legal tender quality, and the purchase of silver without a fixed full monetary value, left prices to fluctuate and has proved but a poor makeshift to bolster up a commerce that tottered on the brink of ruin for lack of substantial basis. The present panic of '93 is only a consummation of the deal of 1873 and its accompanying vicious legislation, which

for twenty years has unsettled the finances of the country, and mercilessly tossed us up and down upon a sea of trouble in its attempt to fasten upon us a colossal credit system and the maintenance of this gold standard for the benefit of England's money power.

"England being on a gold basis wants to buy our silver at the depreciated price to which demonetization forces it, in order to buy her wheat from India, where silver is used as money, and in that way force us to compete with India at the price thus depreciated.

"I do not wonder that they speak of us with contempt for permitting this wholesale plunder. In writing of 'our loud boast of freedom,' a London paper recently said: 'It is needless to say that the dominant idea here is that patriotism is a purely British product, unknown in the United States, where it is supposed political corruption is universal and rampant and no public man is ever swayed by anything but sordid self interest.'

"This is not a very flattering return for the benefits England has received from the legislation of our country, but we can console ourselves when we remember history records how King George was mastered by a consuming grief at the loss of America, which was the result of his tyrannical rule; and it seems that nations that are the offspring of monarchical forms of government, like all inherent despots, never forgive that which escapes their coercive power."

"We won our independence through the endurance of untold hardships. In hunger, want, and almost nakedness, with the limited resources of a new and undeveloped country, our heroes fought in the Revolution-

ary War to establish a republic for the benefit of suffering humanity. They planned and enacted laws to put the government upon a sound financial basis, making the unit of value the silver dollar; and after all these years, the country that has proved so capable of maintaining itself is being conquered by stratagem where force of arms failed.

"Our resources lie in the development of our country. Reduce the value of these resources and you reduce the ability of the people to pay their debts, and thus place them in a state of servitude. This is what demonetization of silver has done. But place the law once more behind silver, and thus restore the demand for the bullion by giving it a monetary value—as it had when we contracted our debts—and no one can claim that we are repudiating our debts when we pay them in the coin stipulated in our contracts, worth a hundred cents on the dollar, for what was purchased with the depreciated greenback, worth less than fifty cents on the dollar.

To Harold's simple treatment of the subject the Marchioness listened with such intense interest that he was led into this extended discourse; and from their daily discussions thereafter he had to admit to himself that never before had he sown in such receptive soil, nor with such prospects of a spontaneous harvest.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEPARTURE.

The three weeks of enforced idleness, with a most tempting and nourishing diet and an appetite stimulated by the atmosphere of the mountains, where daily Harold wandered accompanied by the Marchioness and followed by the dog Tige, restored the youth to perfect health and strength; and except that each mail brought letters urgently requesting his return to California to speak in the interest of the people, Harold would have been glad to remain in such a haven of rest.

He had begun to feel the seductive influence of the bracing atmosphere, the grand and awe-inspiring effect of the towering peaks, now sullen and severe in their bleak and rugged austerity, now smiling and fascinating in the bright and glorious sunshine; and when far away, as ever and anon the picture would return to him, he would associate it as a background where stood out in bas relief the form of the young girl, so wondrously beautiful, who had all unconsciously crept into his heart and become a part of his life.

In accordance with a promise made to the Judge, and also in response to the desire of the miners in the vicinity, Harold delivered a farewell address. The cabin was filled to overflowing and the young orator received such an ovation as only strong, whole-souled and appreciative miners are capable of giving.

The day had arrived for Harold to depart. Many of the boys had remained in camp to cheer him on his way, and after thanking all again and again for their kind-

ness and hospitality, he bade them an affectionate farewell. Then he took the hand of the Marchioness and held it in a lingering grasp as he looked into her brown eyes, with a longing to speak the language of his heart.

The Marchioness smiled sadly, the stage driver called "all aboard," and Harold mounted the seat by his side. The well-trained horses bounded off at the crack of the whip, and soon all were lost to view.

Then the Marchioness turned and entered the cabin, which somehow seemed to look as if the sun had passed behind a cloud, although outside it was shining forth as only a mountain sun can shine. She did not attempt to define the sensation. She scarcely understood it, except that she missed the presence of the stranger who for three weeks had claimed so much of her attention.

For a few moments she stood irresolute. At another time she would have wandered forth among the hills, happy and contented in the buoyancy of spirit which that exercise produced ; but now there was nobody but Tige for company, and the mountains for the moment seemed almost to have lost their attraction.

Restlessly she wandered about the cabin, incapable of fixing her attention upon anything; then she threw her hat upon the piano and with an involuntary sigh seated herself before it and commenced to play. Her hands wandered over the keys until unconsciously they sought the minor chords, from which she produced most melancholy strains. Occasionally her fingers would linger lovingly on the andante passages of a symphony from Beethoven, and Bill, who was listening near the door, noted the exquisite tenderness of her expression.

"Her heart has been touched," he said, sadly, as he remembered how his own had once been stirred. Then he thought of the youth who had just left them and pondered upon the future.

Loy too, unnoticed, watched and listened. "Humph," he muttered, "alle slame like bird loosee him mate." Then he began to sing with great gusto as he dusted and tidied the room in order that he might distract the Marchioness from her dreaminess.

After several vain attempts to interest his pupil Bill produced a new and most difficult score of music, upon which he forced her to concentrate her attention and thus brought her back to a continuation of the routine which had hitherto constituted their daily life.

But the day was destined to prove an eventful one to the Marchioness and one which could not easily be effaced from her memory.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VIGILANTES.

Late in the afternoon Guiseppe came to the cabin. Several years before Marie had died. Death had come to her in a like manner to that which ended the life of the woman whom she had treated with such malignancy. It had been the indirect result of the cruelty she had endured at the hands of her husband, whose savage nature, unrestrained, seemed to demand a victim upon which to give it exercise. Several children had been born to the Italian couple, none of whom had lived a week, and Marie's life had gone out with the life of another still-born babe.

Guiseppe had accumulated quite a sum of money from working his claim and vegetable garden, and he finally concluded to return to Italy and seek another wife.

After refreshing himself with a goodly drink of wine, Guiseppe left his nephew, who was living with him, to finish preparations for the journey which was arranged to take place on the following day. He then repaired to the Judge's cabin, there to visit and chat with Loy.

Tige growled and showed his ugly-looking teeth as the Italian approached, and Loy, fearing that the dog, which had always evinced such a hatred toward the man, might do him bodily injury, snapped the clasp of the chain upon the collar of the hound which crouched down, growling surlily.

A conversation between the Italian and the Chinaman then ensued.

"Well, Loy, I maka da my mind to go backa to Italy tomor. I geta me a wifa."

"Why you no ketchum wife in Slan Flanslisco?" responded Loy.

"San Francisco wifa no good," replied Guiseppe. "You licka da him he getum divorce. Italian wifa she all same horse; you licka da him, he heap lika you, alle same lika dog. No, no, no, no," continued the Italian, whose eyes were aflame with wine, "I smart; I no marra San Francisco wifa."

The Marchioness appeared in the doorway, prepared for a walk; a new light shone from her eyes, the light of dawning womanhood. Guiseppe's quick eye noted the expression; his blood, already inflamed with the wine that he had drank, leaped like fire in his veins. His eyes glistened as they met those of the young girl, who felt an instinctive fear as she lowered her own beneath his glance and passed out of the cabin.

Guiseppe noted the direction in which the Marchioness bent her footsteps, and soon made an excuse to depart, bestowing upon the chained dog a tantalizing grimace as he spat at him; he then turned and followed in the same path which the Marchioness had taken to enter the woods.

Tige jumped and growled ferociously, and made an attempt to break loose from his chain to spring upon his tormentor. Loy went about his work preparing supper.

The Marchioness had walked but a short distance when, in the restlessness of spirit, she turned to retrace her steps and was confronted by Guiseppe. A hideous

leer was upon his face. Her soul turned sick at the sight.

Hitherto the young girl had never known fear, but as the fiend approached, her gaze became riveted upon his face. She stood transfixed with horror, unable to utter a sound. Nearer and nearer the monster drew, with outstretched arms; his eyes, which never left her face, were aflame with brute passion. She felt his hot breath upon her cheek. He reached out to clasp her form. A cold shudder shook her frame. At that instant the distant howl of the bloodhound was borne upon the clear atmosphere, when, as if awakened to response, the Marchioness' voice found vent in a piercing shriek and she fell senseless into the arms that closed around her. The sound, mingling with the simultaneous howl of the dog, echoed from canon to canon. Guiseppe paused to listen, then a gleam of satisfaction was added to the gloating look he cast upon his helpless victim. He laughed sardonically, remembering that the hound was chained. He was about to proceed further into the forest when again the howl of the dog was distinctly heard. He stood for a moment irresolute. The continued baying of the hound sounded unmistakably nearer. "Could it be possible that the shriek of the girl had been heard so far away, and that the bloodhound had been released?"

The prolonged howl of the dog aroused Loy from a reverie in which he was plunged; he was cutting bread for supper and paused as he held a large knife in his hand. He had never heard Tige howl in such a manner before. He went to the door to find

that the dog was leaping frantically in an attempt to burst the chain which held him.

Instantly Loy remembered that the Marchioness was gone, and he lost not a second's time in loosening the chain of the bloodhound, which, maddened with the instinct of danger, darted like a flash in the direction whence the girl had proceeded. The dog continually bayed and sniffed the air. The alarm thus plainly given was instantly communicated to Loy, who, with knife in hand, excitedly followed at the utmost speed. Terror seemed to lend them wings; their feet scarcely touched the ground. On like the wind flew the hound and Loy.

At the sound of the bloodhound tearing down upon him, the Italian paused and drew his dagger. He would kill if balked in his design; the girl's life was as nothing to him.

His expression was that of a wild beast brought to bay; he knew that it was useless to attempt to escape the scent of the brute, and he stood for a moment looking and listening with savage ferocity in the direction whence the sound had proceeded. Soon the crackling of the twigs near by proved that the dog was close upon him. He raised his dagger, then just above the bushes he beheld the head and shoulders of Loy as he seemed to be flying through the air, close upon the track of the bloodhound.

Muttering a fierce oath of baffled design, he was upon the point of plunging the dagger into the heart of the unconscious girl, when Tige, with a single leap, bounded at the Italian and fastened his teeth deep into the

wrist that held the dagger, which dropped from his hand. With a howl of pain Guiseppe turned and fled from the spot as he beheld the knife in the hands of the Chinaman. The dog clung tenaciously to his wrist, until, with a superhuman effort, induced by pain, rage and fear, Guiseppe succeeded in loosening its hold just as he reached the river bank. The hound seemed maddened by the taste of blood, and to avoid another attack from it the Italian plunged into the stream, swimming rapidly beneath the surface of the water until he reached a bend in the river, thus eluding the watchfulness of the dog, which bayed furiously.

Guiseppe began to realize that his safety, even then, was but temporary, and that he would soon have an infuriated mob to reckon with unless he could speedily escape, for the camp was made up of members of the once famous vigilantes, called the "six hundred and one," whom he knew made quick work of disposing of criminals. He also realized that he could have committed no greater crime in the eyes of those men, every one of whom would have lain down his life to insure the safety of the child of the camp, and that it would be hard to convince them that he had not succeeded in his fiendish purpose.

He would have remained and killed both the Chinaman and the dog had he not known that their combined strength was more than a match for his power, and he cursed them both as he climbed up the bank and secreted himself in the thicket. Avarice finally overcoming his fears, he determined to reach his cabin as soon as possible and gather up his hoarded treasures before leaving the camp.

Loy's first impulse was to follow the Italian and kill him, but seeing the Marchioness lying on the ground, white and apparently lifeless, he became frantic with grief and fear. Lifting the unconscious form in his arms, scarcely heeding its weight, he bore it to the cabin, crying loudly as he went. Tige bayed ominously, and divided his attention between sniffing the air and licking the hand of the Marchioness.

Loy was met near the saloon by a crowd of men to whom he related the circumstances, adding all that his excited imagination had pictured.

The miners could scarcely contain themselves during Loy's narration. The excitement was intense. In an instant the words were shouted: "After him, boys! After the Dago! Lynch him! Get some of his clothing—put the hound on his scent. We'll make quick work of him!" cried the infuriated mob.

When the Judge and Bill joined them to learn the cause of the disturbance and saw the unconscious form in the arms of the Chinaman, the Judge, overcome with horror and rage, would have fallen to the ground but for the timely support of Bill, who stood by his side.

Not a moment's time was lost; men rushed in every direction to search for the wretch. Clothing that the Italian had worn was placed before the hound, which, at the word of command from the Judge, tore wildly in the direction whence he had left Guiseppe, taking up the trail, closely followed by a posse of men, who had arranged to fire a pistol as a signal to be given at the discovery of the fugitive.

The hound reached the river where Guiseppe had

taken the plunge, and, after madly running up and down its banks with his nose close to the ground, finally gave a howl of disappointment at being thus baffled.

The men reasoned rightly that the Italian would double on his track, and they searched by the side of the water for fresh footprints as they retraced their steps in the direction of Guiseppe's cabin. The dog, as if divining their thoughts, bounded ahead, when suddenly, with a loud bay, he plunged into the thicket where the Italian had secreted himself. The men who had followed close upon the hound rushed in to secure the villain and save the dog from being killed by the desperate man.

The signal pistol was fired, a rope was soon adjusted around the body of the trembling culprit, who in abject terror pleaded for his life, saying: "I no harma da gal! I no harma da gal! I swear I no harma da gal!" but the infuriated men were deaf to his entreaties, and dragged him on the ground over the stones and bushes, experiencing the utmost satisfaction from the groans which were brought forth as the body of the wretch came in contact with the rough places.

"What is that noise?" exclaimed the Marchioness, when after repeated efforts Loy had restored her to consciousness.

A cruel expression of gratification rested upon the countenance of the Chinaman as, showing his teeth closely set, he replied: "Dey ketch em Dago, dey put lope loun him neck and hang him to tlee."

"What for, Loy; what for?" exclaimed the Marchioness.

"You no talkee what for," excitedly shouted Loy, crying with rage. "He alle slame killum you, now men killum him!"

"No, no, no!" said the Marchioness. "He no hurt me. I hear Tige howl, I fall to the ground; I remember now," she continued, the look of horror returning to her face. "How came I here?"

"Tige and me, we finum you. Tige he howl, I unhook him chain, he go woods quick, alle slame like gunshot, I go alle slame too. One minute, two minute, we finum you, we ketchum Dago. He raise him knife to killum you, Tige he spling for him throat; Dago he slee me he run."

"Oh, Loy, I'm so glad," exclaimed the Marchioness, as she began to cry. "Tige and you saved me."

Another shout was heard.

"Loy," said the Marchioness, excitedly "go tell them not to kill the Dago, I am unharmed."

"No!" replied Loy, savagely, "I no go! he die alle same like dog!"

"No, no!" returned the Marchioness to the obdurate Chinaman, as she rose and with her white face appeared in the midst of the determined men.

They were adjusting the rope about the neck of the Italian as they pushed him beneath a strong limbed tree.

"If you want to say your prayers you want to do it quick, for you've got just thirty seconds to live," said one of their number.

The Italian wept and whined for mercy. The signal to suspend the wretch was given.

"Stop!" cried the Marchioness entreatingly. "Oh, Daddy, don't you kill for me; see, I am safe and unharmed."

"Go in, child!" commanded the Judge sternly, "you don't know what you're talkin' about," he said with a look of grim determination.

"But I do know, Daddy," she pleaded. Then she recounted the scene in every detail. The howl of the dog as she fell to the earth, and what Loy had told her of her speedy rescue. "I know it was awful, Daddy, awful!" she said, and she closed her eyes as she recalled the horror of the situation, "but if you hang him I shall be unhappy all my life. Oh! Daddy, let him go away from the camp."

"Da gal speaka da true," whiningly seconded Guiseppe, gathering fresh courage. "I no harma da her, I swear I no harma da her!"

"Gal," said the miner sternly, as he looked searchingly at the Marchioness, "I know you're speakin' the truth, cause you can't lie, but that yar cur needed hangin' long ago, and it ain't his fault that he didn't succeed in worse than killin' you."

"That's right! That's right!" responded the excited mob. "Up with him, boys! Put the gal in the house!"

"No! no! I will not go," expostulated the Marchioness. "I shall die if you hang that man. 'Thou shalt not kill!' It is a law of God! and if you kill him now, I shall feel that I am guilty of murder in permitting it."

"What would you want us to do, child?" said Bill, who realized the truth of the Marchioness' words.

"He is prepared to go to Italy; let him start at once," responded the girl.

The boys looked frowningly at the Marchioness, disgusted at the interference, which seemed likely to cause them disappointment.

Bill and the Judge looked into each other's eyes. "The girl is right," said Bill; "women's hearts are more tender than men's. They are more forgiving by nature, and the punishment we would visit upon this wretch, while no more than just, is not merciful, and our little girl would never forget the scene nor the part that we are taking in it."

The Judge was more easily moved by the logic of Bill's words than with the Marchioness' earnestness of manuer. "Perhaps the gal is right," he said, while the boys, seeing the hesitation of their leaders, stood angry and sullen.

"Well, if this here our don't hang, he don't stay in this here camp another minute alive! now you hear me!" spoke up one of the number.

"Bully for you, Tom," responded the miners, "we're with you!"

"Well, boys, we'll furnish him and his breed an escort from the camp," said the Judge, referring to the nephew of the Italian, who shared with his uncle the dislike of the miners, "and if he ever shows his face in this yer place agin he'll do it knowin' just what will happen to him."

The miners had been defeated in their expectation of performing what they deemed an act of justice, but the Marchioness' wishes had always been law unto them.

She had never been known to express a desire that was not for the good of all, so they yielded to her persuasions,—not gracefully, however, for it was decided that Guiseppe and his nephew be driven from the camp at once.

Guiseppe pleaded to be allowed to gather up a few personal effects, saying that he would like to sell his claim; and although he offered to sell it, with a title from the United States patent office which was given to the original owner, and for the sum of two hundred dollars, no one seemed to think it worth the figure.

"I have a hundred and fifty dollars," said the Marchioness, "I will buy Guiseppe's claim."

"Do as you like," said the Judge, knowing that the Marchioness had no special use for the money. "That's more than the claim is worth."

Guiseppe was taken to his cabin by the men who still held him in custody, and with their aid speedily gathered up his effects. After securing a bag of gold from its hiding place beneath the cabin floor, he put his mark to the deed of conveyance of his claim to the Marchioness, which had been hastily filled in by Bill, whereupon the Judge handed him the purchase price and affixed his official seal to the document.

Guiseppe and his nephew were then ordered to put twenty miles between themselves and the camp before sunrise, and the Italian knew the consequence of disobedience.

All night the miners kept watch about the outskirts of the camp and in the morning saddled horses and turned Tige loose to follow the trail of the fugitives.

They had not proceeded far, however, when their ears were greeted by the familiar bay of the bloodhound. Upon coming up with the dog, they discovered the dead body of the Italian, lying face downward upon the ground, while the marks of blood which had come from a wound in the back, gave evidence that a knife had penetrated his heart.

His money and valuables were missing, and it was presumed that the nephew, tempted by the sum of money which he had seen Guiseppe take from his hiding place, together with that received for his claim, had drawn his knife and plunged it deep into the heart of his uncle while he must have stood listening to the sound of the retreating footsteps of the miners.

The boys, well satisfied with the termination of events, made short work of the burial of the body and returned to camp for a holiday.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BLIND LEAD.

The weeks passed on. The excitement caused by the Italian's wickedness had subsided. The shock which the Marchioness had received through her meeting with him had deterred her from taking further lonely walks, but she often accompanied the Judge in his frequent prospecting tours.

The Judge had not been particularly fortunate in his location of claims. While hitherto he had been contented with the moderate returns of his labor on them, he now began to realize that the Marchioness was fast budding into womanhood and that it was unfair to her to keep her in the mountains indefinitely. He had, therefore, sought far and wide for new prospects, which might bring him fortune and place him in a position whereby his little girl would be benefited.

He had already laid by a small sum for the future, and with this means in his possession felt that he was in duty bound to send the Marchioness away, where she would receive the care and companionship of her own sex. The thought of the separation was tearing at his heart strings. His step was slow and heavy as he revolved the question in his mind, studying upon some manner of approaching the Marchioness with the subject which seemed to choke his utterance and from which he shrank as each time he attempted to speak of it to her.

They were coming down the trail, returning from a fruitless search for prospects, when they paused to rest

upon a bank near the path which they had descended almost daily for many years.

"Marchioness," said the Judge in an abrupt tone, as if to gather courage for the occasion, "I want to talk to you, gal, about going away."

"What! Are we going away from our dear old home, Daddy?" responded the girl sadly.

"No, I can't go jist yet, my gal," he returned brusquely to hide his emotion, "but it's best fur you to be sent away whar you can git among women folks and larn somethin' of their ways."

"Oh, Daddy, how can I go away from you and Bill and Loy?" said the Marchioness tearfully.

The Judge turned away and nervously began to strike at the earth with his pick. It was by the side of a boulder not far from the camp and the claim which the Marchioness had bought from the Italian. A huge pile of jagged granite, with only now and then a slight showing of barren quartz, had for years frowned discouragingly upon the prospector as he passed.

There was not the slightest indication of anything to tempt the miner to strike his pick into the earth, but he kept picking uneasily in order that the Marchioness might not see the anguish written upon his face. Suddenly his expression changed. The pick had left a spot that glistened white and clear in the sunshine. The Judge continued to work while the Marchioness looked at him in tearful uncertainty, then, glancing at the spot which had so suddenly distracted his attention, she beheld the bright streak that seemed to shine out

like a star of hope that a separation might not be necessary.

"It's pure silver, daddy!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"You're right gal; its another one of them 'ar freaks of nater. What I want to find out is how much of it thar is," then he struck the pick in upon each side of the spot, going deeper and deeper as he worked, until he was satisfied that he had come upon one of those blind leads that oftentimes developed into rich mines or bonanzas. Upon stepping off the number of feet allowed each claim by the mining laws, he found that the distance covered took in a considerable portion of the land which the Marchioness had purchased from the Italian.

This suggested the idea to him of deeding the claim to her as soon as recorded, so that in the event of anything happening to take him from her, it would be secured to her without difficulty.

The subject which led to the discovery of the prospect was dropped for a time, both the Marchioness and the Judge tacitly avoiding it. Later, upon developing the ground which had been staked out, the Judge came upon a large body of ore containing pure wire silver, carrying free gold, which proved so easily worked that the cost of production was comparatively nominal, while quite a portion of it ran as high as ten thousand dollars to the ton.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was netted from the products of the mine in a short space of time, when the ore body pinched out into porphyry.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ACCIDENT.

After a time the Judge concluded to make a cross cut in the direction of the Marchioness' claim and sink to a lower level where, from indications, he felt that he would be able to strike another deposit. He had made large shipments of silver and gold, which he had reduced with the aid of the machinery left in the abandoned mill, and had placed the money on deposit with an old and trusted friend who had become rich in the possession of valuable property acquired during a residence of twenty years in New York city.

The Judge had finally decided upon taking the Marchioness East, in order that she might have the advantages of the society which he felt that her beauty and talent demanded, and which Bill unselfishly advised.

Bill was the owner of several prospects which he had purchased from discouraged miners, each year doing sufficient assessment work upon them to hold his claim and insure living expenses. He had been content to remain in his chosen retreat from the world, with the pleasurable pastime of educating the Marchioness and cultivating her phenomenal voice.

The Judge had repeatedly urged his friend to accompany them to New York and share with them their good fortune, but Bill had firmly declined the generous offer, saying that he would work the harder on his claims to make up for the loss of companionship, and that some day he too might be rewarded with a rich strike.

Much work in cross-cutting and sinking had been

done in the new mine. The Judge had commenced to put in timbers in a winze where he had been stopeing out ore until he had reached a point where it had become dangerous to work without the necessary supports. The lumber which he procured was old and had been used in a tunnel before, but the Judge concluded that it was sufficiently strong for his purpose and did not hesitate to make use of it. The last timber had been put in place. Alone in the mine, the Judge was about to descend a ladder to the winze, when the ground, which had been gradually settling from above, suddenly came down with such force that the heavy timbers were crushed and broken into splinters as easily as if they had been but straws.

A huge piece of granite wedged the miner tightly against the wall and a heavy piece of timber crushed into his side, while another piece struck him upon the head and rendered him oblivious to the pain. He was instantly discovered and soon extricated from his perilous position, and his unconscious body was lifted upon a stretcher and taken to his cabin.

Bill at once dispatched a miner for a surgeon and hastened to do everything in his power to alleviate the condition of his friend, while he extended to the Marchioness, who seemed dazed with grief, all the sympathy of which his great heart was capable. But the Marchioness heeded him not. She stood with her hands tightly locked together as she gazed at the sufferer with eyes dry and glistening, while the only sound that came from her lips was the exclamation, "Oh, Daddy—Daddy!"

The words seemed to rouse the old man from the stupor which the pain had created.

"Is that you, my little one?" he said, fondly. "How did you come here in the mine?"

"You are home, Daddy, in your own bed," responded the girl as she wound her arms lovingly about his neck, "and Bill has sent for a doctor to come."

"It's no use, my gal," he said, as he caught his breath to ease the pain; "I'm done fur this time."

"Oh, don't say that," moaned the girl. "Oh, Daddy, how can I live without you?"

"But you are young, my gal, and now I want yer to listen to me, cause—I can't talk very much longer—I have written to my old friend in New York that we war comin' thar soon, and in case thet anything happened to me you was to hev everything I left to do jest as you pleased with, and he was to be yer guardian like, with Bill to look after yer interests out here; and when I die I want you to go right on to New York an' live in his house, where they hev everything grand, I am told. But I don't think thet it has ever made any difference with Alfred Gilman, who was always a good, square boy at school and honest and upright when he growed up, so I heered, and I'm sure he'll do the right thing by you and put the right polish on you, which Bill thinks you ought ter have, although it 'pears to me you'd shine bright enough without any polishin,' fur you was born without needin it."

"Oh, Daddy—don't talk any more about me, when you are suffering so. I cannot bear it," entreated the Marchioness.

"Don't take it so hard, my little one, my suffering will soon be over."

Loy entered, with a hot plate wrapped in flannel to place near the bruised body.

"Loy," gasped the old miner, "I'm goin' to leave you now. I don't need to tell you to stay and watch over your young mistress any more than I need to tell Tige, but when she's eighteen years of age she'll give you ten thousand dollars that her guardian in New York will turn over to her, and then if you want to you can go back to China and be heap rich."

"Loy alle slame watchee Marchness; when Marchness Mally, Loy go back China."

"Good boy," said the old miner, "I know she's dearer to you than yer own life."

"Bill," he said falteringly, turning to his old comrade, "You'll never forget the gal, I know; I only wish that you would take my share of the money and go with her out into the big world. But I know that you'd rather stay here," he sighed, "an' I won't say any more about it; I'm thinkin' though that you'll be lonesome when we're all gone."

The Judge caught at his side and suppressed a groan. Bill clasped the rough hand that was disengaged, and in that grasp spoke the volume of love in his heart; then he turned and walked to the window.

The old miner's head rested upon the arm of the Marchioness, and as he looked up into the eyes that seemed to be aflame with fever and saw his own agony reflected in their depths, he understood the intensity of the suffering which choked up the fountain of youthful tears.

"Don't!—look at me like that, child," he said; "it makes the pain ten times harder to bear, and I shall die cursin' the luck that has brought such sorrow to my little one. Don't!—don't!" he pleaded, as the tears came to his eyes and he cried aloud.

His great emotion touched a sympathetic chord in the young girl's nature and the tears rained down upon the face of the old man as they burst forth in a torrent from her eyes.

"My little gal," he said soothingly, as he pressed her wet face to his and wept for joy to see her thus relieved. "My little gal," he repeated, dwelling tenderly upon the expression, "never let yourself git to thinkin' like that agin—your old Daddy would hev died with a broken heart to see such a look on his little one's face."

"You musn't feel so bad, my gal, fur if there's any comin' back from the other world, I'll try my best to make it and be around to watch wherever you go. When I'm gone, jist you try to think of it thet ar way and you won't be so lonesome."

Thus it was; in the agony and pain of death he thought only of the welfare of the child whose life had been like a part of his own. The Marchioness kissed the wrinkled old face, while all the love of her nature shone forth from her eyes as she moaned only the word "daddy."

The miner placed her little soft hand upon his face and said, "That is the first and sweetest word that I ever heered drop from your lips, and I hope it will be the last that will sound in my ears as I pass in my checks;" then, patting her hand, he turned to his friend affectionately and said, "Goodbye, Bill, I'm goin' soon; I wish

you'd get your fiddle and play me another tune like that what you played at Little Nellie's funeral. It'll sound kinder comfortin' like, and make me feel as if I war goin' to join them agin.

"Loy, goodbye," he said, as the Chinaman drew near the bedside, weeping. "Don't you lose sight of the Marchioness."

"I go alle slame like dog," replied Loy assuringly.

"Good boy," responded the miner with a grasp of the hand; "and Marchioness," he said, once more addressing her, "you'll git right away, my gal, as soon as I am under the ground, because, you know, the snow will soon be deep on the trail. Lay me 'longside of your father and mother—maybe I'll meet them in the other world, and we'll all be there together when my little gal comes."

The Marchioness' face was buried in the pillow on which the head of the sufferer rested; her hand had remained where the Judge had placed it, upon his cheek. No language could have more potently conveyed to the soul of the warm-hearted miner the depths of the love which the young girl felt for him.

The stupor of death gradually stole upon him as he listened to the sweet strains of the violin.

"Marchioness!" exclaimed Bill, softly.

The Marchioness raised her head and looked into the eyes of the dying man. "Daddy! daddy!" she called, "come back—daddy!" then she fondly kissed his lips again and again.

A happy smile came to his face, a signal of recognition at the sound of the word that had always been such sweet music to his ears. Then all was over.

CHAPTER XVII.

LEAVING HOME.

Not many weeks elapsed before the heavy snow storms in the mountains caused the stage company to give notice that the means of transportation would be limited to a weekly trip. This served as a reminder of the last wishes of the Judge.

The cabin had indeed become a house of mourning, and it had required all the self-control that Bill could command to soothe the sorrows of his young charge, for his own heart was heavy with the sense of isolation that was about to befall him.

The long winters had passed like a dream to him, whose only thought had been for the advancement of his loved pupil, who in her great grief had become even more endeared to him; and now, at the prospect of parting from her, he found that it required the utmost effort to conceal his emotion and adhere to the resolution that he had formed of remaining in the mountains. But Bill was naturally independent, and realizing that he had fallen into the bad habit of procrastination, in so far as manual labor was concerned, he had determined to make up for lost time when left to himself and work the claims which he had so long neglected.

Bill arranged to accompany his ward to the nearest railway station and there place her in charge of the railroad official, with Loy to look after her safety and comfort, knowing that the faithful servant would fulfill the promise given to his dying master.

The dog, which had never known other than human companionship, seemed to understand that he was about to lose his mistress. He clung closely to her side, fondly gazing in her face, as if longing for some sign of encouragement to hope that his fears were groundless ; but the Marchioness, feeling that it would be an act of cruelty to take Tige from Bill, had, much against her inclination, decided to leave the faithful animal at the station to be brought back by her guardian.

The time had at last arrived for the Marchioness to bid farewell to the scenes that had been so closely interwoven with her life. Every hill, every gulch, was associated with tender memories of that great heart that had so completely sheltered her with its love. She recalled the many prospecting tramps and steep trails that they had climbed together. Then her eyes wandered off to the tall, snow-capped peaks that stood out so white and pure and peaceful away up among the clouds. And they seemed to speak to her of Heaven, of Daddy, and the father and mother who had rested so long in their friendly shadows ; and the stillness of the mighty grandeur calmed the grief that was tearing at her heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN NEW YORK.

It was an incongruous looking couple that entered the great city, and notwithstanding that New York was accustomed to incongruities of every sort, the appearance of Loy and his beautiful mistress in her unfashionable mountain attire excited more than passing interest as they stepped down from the car at the Grand Central station.

The Judge had been a poor correspondent, and from his letters Mr. Gilman had received but little information concerning his ward, whom he had judged would prove to be a hoidenish girl who would probably require several years of severe discipline in order to become even tolerable to society. It was therefore with a disagreeable sense of duty that he prepared for the service exacted by the friend of his boyhood and had been driven to the early train upon the morning of the Marchioness' expected arrival.

His surprise was great, indeed, when he looked into the sad eyes of the young girl and heard the response to his greeting given in a low musical tone, that bespoke culture of no ordinary degree. This was further emphasized when she called his attention to her faithful companion, Loy, who, dressed in his native costume of finest broadcloth, followed his mistress in the most servile manner to the luxuriously appointed carriage that stood ready to receive them and meekly took the seat that Mr. Gilman rather hesitatingly accorded him.

"Loy has been my nurse from the time of my birth,"

said the Marchioness in explanation of his appearance, "and it was Daddy's wish, and mine also," she added with a touch of dignity that immediately commanded the respect of her guardian, "that Loy should go wherever I go."

"Oh, I understand," returned Mr. Gilman, recalling what he had learned of the isolation of the child in her mountain home; and when he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the extraordinary appearance of the young girl and the Chinaman, he exerted himself to give her a proper though somewhat tardy welcome.

He asked her many questions about her mountain home, and the Judge, and Bill, until the mournfully tender tones of the little maid and her moistened eyes were sufficient to warn the gentleman that the subject had better be deferred.

"She is really beautiful," thought he, as he glanced from her unfashionable attire to her almost classically formed features and glorious eyes. "She certainly speaks correctly and in a cultured tone. It is strange!—Yes, her face is unquestionably perfect. Wife will soon remedy the defects in dress, and I think that we can find a place in the house for this Chinaman." And before the carriage was drawn up in front of the stately brown stone residence of the millionaire he found himself quite pleased at the prospect of having the little mountain maid for his ward.

Loy had been quietly revelling in the rich upholstery of the carriage, and as his mistress leaned back against the cushions he experienced a feeling of utmost satisfaction to think that he had lived to see the child he loved

so well in a position befitting her station. His soul was filled with delight when they ascended the broad steps, and he followed his mistress and her guardian into the large reception room, luxuriously furnished and hung with heavy draperies, which Loy decided were "heap high-toned and must have cost a deal of money."

An elegantly gowned woman advanced and greeted the Marchioness, at whom she looked questioningly. The woman was followed by a young man, with a pale and expressionless face, except for the impudent stare which he accorded the new arrivals.

"What is it?" he said *sotto voce* to his mother as they approached, and he loftily acknowledged the introduction to the Marchioness.

The young girl's sense of hearing was exceedingly acute, and as the eyes of young Gilman left her face and rested upon the form of Loy, she, thinking that he might have addressed the question to her in reference to her companion, replied, "Loy is Chinese, but he understands English quite well."

The remark seemed to carry a reproof to the young man for his rudeness, yet the Marchioness' words were so innocently spoken that Harry Gilman for the instant was nonplussed.

His thick, double lip rolled upward, disclosing large projecting teeth and disagreeably red gums. This defect was repellingly accentuated as he attempted to conceal his confusion with a supercilious smile.

To the girl who had always been accustomed to meeting with strong, hardy mountaineers the young man seemed repulsively effeminate in appearance and

manner. The thin, scattered growth of beard upon his face, which seemed to be the result of much cultivation, added nothing to his looks, save to exaggerate the hollows beneath his high cheek bones. His emaciated form was clothed in faultless attire, a fact which evidently gave him the utmost satisfaction as he compared the reflection of himself in the mirror with the unfashionable and travel-worn appearance of the young stranger.

"I am sure you must be fatigued after your long journey," said Mrs. Gilman; "I will go with you to your apartments at once. My son will arrange quarters for your servant," she added, "and whenever you desire to see him you can ring for him."

The young girl signified her readiness to accompany her hostess, saying to Loy that she would send for him soon.

Upon entering the dressing-room assigned to her, the Marchioness found her luggage. At the suggestion of Mrs. Gilman, who was desirous of learning the extent of the young girl's wardrobe, the maid was allowed to unpack the trunk, which proved to contain but little wearing apparel available for city use.

"Quite as I expected," thought the hostess; "the girl has nothing suitable in which to appear, unless it is the white China silk, which is certainly odd enough looking to be fashionable, and which is the only thing that can be alternated with black while she is dressing in mourning. She will need a complete fitting out."

Mrs. Gilman therefore concluded, after advising with the Marchioness and taking measurements, to start at

once upon a shopping expedition for the purchase of a new wardrobe, giving instructions to the maid to attend to the comfort of the young lady during her absence and assist her in dressing for dinner.

At the Marchioness' request Loy was soon brought to her apartments.

Loy had lost no time in making himself popular in the kitchen, where the curiosity of the servants had been fully excited by the footman, who had given them an account of the first appearance of the young lady and her Chinese chaperon; and when Loy gave them a brief sketch of the Marchioness' life, and how he had taken her when a wee baby from her dead mother's arms, they became interested and quite forgot their prejudice against the race.

Loy assured his mistress that his comfort had been attended to and that he was in possession of a "heap lich loom," and also that he had been well received among the servants; whereupon the Marchioness felt much relieved to learn that he was duly appreciated for his true worth.

It was not long before numerous packages began to arrive and kept the maid busy running in and out from the Marchioness' room.

Loy expressed his delight to see his mistress the recipient of so many dainty things. Seeing that she was likely to be engaged with her maid much of the day, he signified his intention of looking up some of his Chinese friends whom he had not heard from for years; and after taking the precaution to write down the street and number of his new home both in English and Chinese he sallied forth.

It was a day of excitement for the Marchioness, but with it all she found time to write a long letter to Bill giving him a detailed account of everything that had happened to her since she bade him good-bye and also the impression that the different people made upon her, ending her letter with innumerable questions about himself and Tige and the dear old home.

As evening approached a delightful bath was prepared, a simple dinner toilet selected, and the Marchioness placed herself in the charge of the French maid, whose artistic eye at once perceived the advantage to be gained in the transformation of the unfashionable Western child into a city miss.

Young Gilman's manner was disagreeably patronizing. He congratulated the young girl upon the change in her appearance as she was conducted to the dining-room, and with extreme badinage said: "I think that I shall have to propose at once, for fear that some one will get in ahead of me. Will you have me?"

"What would I do with you?" replied the Marchioness, in innocent wonderment.

Mr. Gilman laughed and expressed his satisfaction at the quick repartee of his ward, and rightly conjectured that his son would find himself no match for her sincerity and ready wit.

Mrs. Gilman assumed not to notice the reply, which was overheard by the butler as he stood prepared to seat the young lady at the table, and who in his admiration of the stranger took unusual pains to see that she was properly served.

"Humph," responded young Gilman unabashed, "I

know a young lady who nearly cried her eyes out because I would not say that to her."

"Poor girl," responded the Marchioness consolingly. Then she thought: "If she only could realize the truth of what Bill had once said to me, that blessings sometimes come in disguise."

It was difficult for young Gilman to understand the meaning of the Marchioness' response, but as he chose to interpret it favorably to himself he decided to be as agreeable as possible.

The young girl soon discovered that city customs were distinctly different from the freedom of her mountain life, and, except for the sad memories of the loved ones so far away, she enjoyed the novelty of her new surroundings with such an ingenuous manner and naturally refined instinct that one could scarcely believe but that she had always been accustomed to like surroundings. The sight of the grand piano in the drawing-room sent a gleam of pleasure to the Marchioness' eyes.

Young Gilman seated himself before it, and without ceremony commenced to play and sing for the stranger from the West, whom he felt would be highly entertained with his performance. The Marchioness stood by his side and listened respectfully, while her throat ached in sympathy at the apparent effort of the young man to release the notes.

"Do you sing?" he asked, indifferently, as he was about to make another selection of sheet music from the cabinet.

"Sometimes," responded the Marchioness, as her fingers lovingly sought the keys.

"Let's see what you can do," said the young man, brusquely.

"Harry!" remonstrated his mother, in a reproving tone.

The Marchioness, eager to exercise her fingers, ran them lightly over the keys, while the color mounted to her cheeks as she recalled the last time that she had heard the sound of music. Then she thought of Bill and Tige left alone in the mountains while she and Loy were so far away in a strange land, and a momentary feeling of homesickness came over her, which found expression in her touch. The piano, so cold and mechanical under the hands of the average player, seemed to warm and tremble into life as, in the inspiration of the moment, her fingers glided in and out among the keys. At length, under the soothing influence of the music, she forgot that she was in a strange home, and the full, rich tones of her voice found vent in song.

Young Gilman paused in his search for music. The self-satisfied expression in his face gave way to one of surprise; and when the Marchioness commenced to sing, unconsciously he stood motionless, listening to the clear, liquid tones that fell from her lips without effort, while Mr. and Mrs. Gilman were almost spellbound by the magic of her flute-like notes, and, after repeated requests for the Marchioness to continue singing, reluctantly allowed her to leave the piano.

"My child," said Mrs. Gilman, "you have a marvelous voice, and one well worth caring for. We will lose no

time in procuring for you an instructor that you may continue its cultivation, although it seems hardly possible to bring it to any greater degree of perfection."

The Marchioness thanked her hostess, and expressed her readiness to acquiesce in the arrangement.

Upon being questioned regarding the source of her accomplishments she generously accorded to Bill full credit, and in reply to further inquiry gave them a history of her life in the mountains, which proved so entertaining that the evening was far advanced before Harry Gilman remembered that he had broken an engagement at the club.

Harry retired, somewhat crestfallen at his failure to impress the Marchioness with his superiority, and he began to study upon some method whereby he could outshine her and elevate himself in her estimation, for he was forced to acknowledge that her simplicity and straightforward repartee were more than a match for his weak attempts at wit, and he almost hated her for thus revealing to him his own conceit.

The unfashionable attire of the Marchioness upon her first arrival had struck so unfavorably upon the sensitive nerves of the fastidious young man that he had failed to notice the intellectual beauty of her face; and when the young girl appeared at dinner in the tasteful costume of soft, white material which his mother had selected, and the brown hair, which had hung in a waving mass, was twisted into a Grecian coil at the back of the gracefully poised head, leaving the rebellious short locks to stray at will, he attributed the beauty of the young stranger as much to the taste of

the French maid as to nature, and discourteously remarked to that effect; yet in his heart he felt a secret pride in the acquisition to their household, which he knew would enable him to excite the envy of his companions.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. HARTWELL.

Two years had passed at the Gilman home since the Marchioness, or Barbara, as she was called, had come to live in New York. They were years of education and experience to the young girl; the solitude of her mountain life in the companionship of her instructor had made of her a child of independent thought, and she had not been long in the great city before she began to realize the distinction between the classes and the masses, the excess of riches among the former and the utter lack of comfort among the poor, where she made as frequent visits as her duties would allow—visits which filled her mind with unrest.

Each Sunday she had accompanied the family to the fashionable church on the "Avenue." There she was taught that God had sacrificed His "Only Begotten Son," for the benefit of mankind; there she saw a congregation of people who, with every assumption of piety and contrition, read from their prayer books that they had "left undone those things which they ought to have done," and that they had "done those things which they ought not to have done;" and when she came in daily contact with those same people she saw no reparation for the wrongs which on Sunday they had thus confessed. She knew that they had listened to and professed to believe and follow the gospel which she had heard—that God had sacrificed his all for them—yet not a single luxury was sacrificed by them to alleviate the sufferings of the poor. She could not

understand how a people so cultured, who possessed ample time for introspection and thought, could make such a profession of Christianity, while they lived in such utter disregard of social ethics or the brotherhood of mankind; and soon she began to look on the system of religion as practiced by them as an empty form, words without meaning, a mockery of the religion that Christ taught and an offense to Heaven.

Gradually she withdrew from them and sought the more humble walks in life, where she felt that she might be some benefit to humanity.

To her, God had always been manifest in the creation. From the grandeur of the highest peaks to the most infinitesimal existence she recognized Him, and worshiped all as one divine essentiality. From her teacher she had received the instructions that eternal life meant freedom from the delusions of earth, that God and humanity were one; and she could not reconcile herself to the conditions evidently brought about by selfishness and disregard of the rights of the less fortunate by those with whom she associated.

Barbara had not been long in New York before Mrs. Gilman found that the demands made upon her by society left but little time to look after her husband's ward, whose former freedom and mode of life inclined her to restlessness. It was therefore deemed advisable to secure the services of a woman advanced in years to act as counsellor and chaperon to the young lady.

Among the applicants was a delicate, careworn looking woman, who would have been rejected by Mrs. Gilman had not her evident poverty appealed to the heart

of the young girl and won for her a champion. It was Mrs. Hartwell.

For some time subsequent to the loss of her fortune Mrs. Hartwell had lived in the home of the Merediths, when at last the galling sense of dependence had induced her to seek employment.

The Merediths had been very kind to her in her misfortune, and when she had finally determined to go into the world to earn her living, both Mr. and Mrs. Meredith exerted themselves to procure for her such a position as would be congenial to her sensitive nature and be fairly recompensed, but the lives of the two women gradually drifted apart.

Mrs. Hartwell had come to New York with an invalid in whose service she had been engaged as nurse and companion. The woman died and Mrs. Hartwell found herself alone in the city from which she had departed years before a bride. Upon her return everything seemed new and strange; old friends and acquaintances had moved away or had been lost to sight in the great city, fortunes had changed hands in a like manner and with equal facility to that which she had experienced.

Her mother had died in her girlhood; the panic of '73 had swept from her father, a once prosperous merchant, the accumulations of years of thrift. He had not long survived the loss of his fortune, and thus it was when reverses came to Mrs. Hartwell that she found the Merediths the only friends to whom she cared to turn.

She had been several years in New York, experiencing the hardships and trials that seem to be the fate

of those who have to struggle for existence, and she was very despondent when, upon the suggestion of friends, she went to the Gilman mansion to apply for the position. She had been engaged at once and for nearly two years had satisfactorily filled the requirements, which had at times been rather trying, inasmuch as the young lady's fondness for long walks in out of the way places, in preference to using any of the carriages at her disposal, sometimes taxed the more delicate constitution of her chaperon; but the Marchioness was usually very considerate, and often persuaded her companion to rest while she went about her errands, which consisted a greater part of the time in looking after the comforts of the poor.

The young lady and Mrs. Hartwell had started from home early one morning and had failed to note that the clouds were hanging low upon the horizon. The forenoon had been passed in shopping; they had just emerged from a restaurant on Broadway, where they had stopped for luncheon, when they discovered the rain coming down in a steady, continuous fall.

They were near the entrance of a theatre. Barbara read on the bill board "Matinee to-day," and at once suggested that they go in to see the play. They were comfortably seated and listening to the overture from the orchestra when Mrs. Hartwell adjusted her glasses to look at the programme. The play was "Camille." "Not just the thing for a young lady to witness," thought she, "but we are here and we might as well remain," she concluded, as she remembered how disagreeable it was outside.

The Marchioness was greatly moved by the tender passages and self-sacrifice of the heroine for her lover's sake, and quite disgusted with the heartlessness and selfishness of Madame Prudence.

To many the finer and more subtle shades of meaning, which the author evidently intended to convey through the character of Madame Prudence, were lost in the effort of the actress, who like many others fell into the common error of sacrificing the meaning for the sake of creating amusement; yet to the Marchioness it was strong and clear, and she expressed her opinion to Mrs. Hartwell of the character of the woman whose solicitude for her friend existed only to the extent of receiving all that the dying woman could bestow and then promptly vanished.

"My child," returned Mrs. Hartwell, "the world is full of just such characters as Madame Prudence, and good people, too, as you will ever meet. They honestly believe within themselves that the change in one's circumstances from affluence to poverty could not alter their friendship, yet when one is in a position where one is liable to tax that friendship instead of bestowing favors the solicitude for that one's welfare, which was so freely evinced in the days of prosperity, will have entirely disappeared, and the society which was once courted will be considered irksome by these same good people. Hold the mirror up before them and note with what air of injury they will claim that the glass is defective."

CHAPTER XX.

THE RICH AND POOR OF NEW YORK.

It had been agreed between Bill and Mr. Gilman that the Marchioness should be allowed to draw such sums of money from her income as would gratify her desires. Personally they had always been extremely simple, yet she had reached a point where an income of a thousand dollars a month found her constantly in debt, and always ready to borrow from her guardian.

"What does the child do with all the money she gets?" said Mr. Gilman to his wife as they were discussing the Marchioness. "She not only promptly draws all her interest money, but upon the first of every month innumerable bills are sent in, from which one would infer that she was setting up in the general merchandise business; still I do not see any evidence of extravagant purchases on her part."

"I think," responded Mrs. Gilman, "that Barbara is inclined to be very charitable, and much of her money finds its way into the families of the poor."

Mr. Gilman shrugged his shoulders, saying, indifferently; "I suppose she has a perfect right to spend her income as she sees fit. I have here several long accounts to dispose of," he continued, as he drew a large envelope from his pocket; "please ring and send for the young lady; I shall have to get her O. K. before I settle them."

Soon the Marchioness appeared in answer to the summons, and at her guardian's request moved her

chair to the side of his desk and glanced over the accounts.

"Humph," thought Mr. Gilman, as he read the items. "'Twenty yards of tennis flannel;' it takes a lot of cloth to make a dress nowadays; 'One bolt of muslin,' 'One dozen pair of half hose,' 'Two overcoats, nine dollars each—eighteen dollars.'

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Gilman, "'that is a peculiar bill for a young lady to order. 'Two pair of trousers, five dollars each;' they must have sent you a wrong account.'"

"No, Guardy," returned the Marchioness, "that is correct."

"What were you doing with two pair of trousers and two overcoats."

"Well, you see," said the Marchioness, hesitatingly, "I bought them."

"Yes, I see by the account," responded Mr. Gilman, dryly.

"Well, Guardy, I could not help it," she continued, plunging into the subject at once. "I was walking down Twenty-third street one bitter, cold day, after coming out of the stores, where nearly all of the people who were shopping were so well dressed and looked so comfortable in their fur garments. I had been buying a lot of pretty things that I did not really need, and I was warm and happy until the piercing winds made me shiver; then I passed two young boys, perhaps fifteen or sixteen years of age, scantily clothed, walking rapidly in an opposite direction to that which I had taken. Each was hugging his body with his arms in his effort

to keep from feeling the cold, while his shoulders seemed to be performing the same comforting service for his neck. They were rushing along, chatting good-naturedly over some event which I could not quite gather, as their lips trembled and their teeth chattered so with the cold. I thought how brave they were to face the cruel winter so oblivious to their actual sufferings, and I turned and followed them down Twenty-third street to Tenth avenue, then a long distance up the avenue and again down toward the river, until they came to an alley, where there were a lot of old rookeries. They opened the door of one of the houses and climbed up the rickety pair of stairs, all the time so intent on reaching shelter that they failed to notice that I was following them."

"That was a very dangerous proceeding; were you not afraid?" said Mr. Gillman.

"Not in the least," replied the Marchioness, "I knew that those two boys were hard working, honest fellows. I invented an excuse to talk with them and found that they both lived in the same building; that each was the main support of the family. One had a father who spent all his earnings for drink, while his family was left neglected, and the other had a consumptive mother whose husband lost his life by falling from a building upon which he was working, leaving two small children depending for food and clothing upon what the boy could earn.

"Both boys worked in a factory, each receiving less than four dollars a week. When I asked if they had no overcoats they both seemed surprised and laughed at my

question. It was pathetic, Guardian, to think they had become so accustomed to poverty that their sensibilities were deadened to it. I purposely remained and visited with one of them while the mother was preparing the dinner of potatoes and bread, and when I rose to go the youth politely insisted upon coming out into the cold again and accompanying me to the car.

"In the meantime I made an appointment with both boys to meet me at a store on the following day at noon, and the very next night they went home in warm suits of clothing throughout, overcoats and all; and I think when they reached home they found that an equal provision had been made there.

"I do not know when I ever experienced so much happiness as I did when I was making the purchases for them. Everything I bought was a fresh surprise to them and their faces wore a perpetual grin; and when the outfitting was completed one of the boys started to thank me and broke down and cried, and I cried too, Guardy.

"I have tried real hard since then to secure for them a better place, but it seems as if the wages they receive are above the average, and so I give the mothers and sisters clothing to make for other poor people; but I can't help thinking of the similarity of our present condition to that of the time when Nero fiddled while Rome was burning—the wretchedness and apathetic poverty of our starving poor within so short a distance of the brilliant entertainments given by the rich upon a scale of magnificence rivaling the stories told in the "Tales of the Arabian Nights." It all seems so unfair;

that millions should be squandered for the mere gratification of a vanity that finds pleasure in such display, which, if those people stop to reason at all, they must know without doubt is usually afforded them at the expense of suffering humanity."

"But you do not consider," interposed Mr. Gilman, "that these very entertainments and expenditures mean a circulation of money that must necessarily find its way to the poor "

"In what proportion do the poor receive it, and for what service exacted? For hours of service rendered such as those two poor boys give and for a pittance which is barely sufficient to keep body and soul together."

"But you must remember that many are handsomely remunerated."

"I grant you that, Guardy, but show me one that is even properly remunerated and I will show you a hundred who are faring worse than the boys I have mentioned."

"I think, Barbara," said Mrs. Gilman, "that you are inclined to take a pessimistic view of life."

"Perhaps I am, Mrs. Gilman ; but if our class would visit in the homes where I have been and see the dulled senses and hopeless woe that poverty alone can create, I think that the majority of them would become so pessimistic that something would be done to create a more equitable adjustment of the bounties that God bestows upon the earth, and they would realize that their highest duty was toward humanity and should be first. But I have come to the conclusion that many do not care to

see for themselves, for fear that the thing they call conscience will exact from them a forfeiture of some of the pleasures and luxuries which they think they enjoy, and which make up for the longing for that which they will never realize until they awaken.

"To me their thoughtlessness seems criminally selfish, and if they honestly believe in the religion that upon each Sunday they confess, and if the religion that is taught is true, where will they stand when they render an account to Him who gave them life?"

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Harry Gilman. Harry's conceit had often led him to engage in discussions with the Marchioness upon subjects which, through his lack of knowledge, generally led to his confusion, and which had always ended in some personal reflection by him upon the young lady. That they were on good terms was entirely due to Barbara's forbearance, for, in sheer exasperation at his repeated failures, he had adopted an aggressive manner toward the Marchioness which sometimes caused in her a feeling of the greatest aversion.

Visitors were announced. The conversation drifted into the ordinary channels of society-loving people, and soon Barbara was seated at the piano entertaining them all with the velvet-like richness of her soul-inspiring voice.

CHAPTER XXI.

BANKRUPTCY.

Nearly another year passed. The Marchioness was now eighteen ; the time had come for Mr. Gilman to render an account of his stewardship of the funds intrusted to his care.

The year had been fraught with anxiety and trouble to the man who, prior to the panic of '93, had been rated a millionaire, but who, during the continued depression, had been forced to sacrifice valuable land at less than half its former price, in order to keep himself afloat in the sea of financial catastrophe that had swept the country, for much of his property was unimproved and brought but little income.

Like many more deluded ones he had at first held to his possessions, which were greatly involved in debt, with the hope of tiding over the period of depression that had set in ; but the enormous sums required for interest to sustain his credit, while values continued to decline, had drained him of all available resources. He became seriously embarrassed, yet to have lived in a less pretentious manner he felt would have been a confession of weakness to his creditors, and would have resulted in speedy ruin ; so for a long time he had struggled upon the threshold of bankruptcy, and when the time arrived that his ward was to give to Loy the legacy of ten thousand dollars which the Judge had promised to him Mr. Gilman was forced to confess the condition of his finances to his ward and acknowledge that her fortune had been swept away with his own.

The information proved a great shock to the young girl, who had looked forward to the time when she would find no restrictions placed upon her in the use of the money with which she intended to benefit humanity, for the Marchioness had resolved that the bulk of her wealth should be used in ameliorating the sufferings of the people in so far as it was possible. Now all was changed ; and as she recalled the many helpless ones who had come to depend upon her, and how they would suffer again through lack of her support, for the first time she felt a bitterness toward her guardian.

Through practical demonstration she had come to appreciate the enhanced purchasing power or value of a dollar as measured and maintained by the gold standard. The demands made upon her fortune for the necessities which she had supplied to the poor at first made her deplore the fact that the silver bullion which the Judge had shipped had found sale at a price far below the amount that would have been received had it been used as standard money. But when she came to reason the matter over, and compare the prices of all other commodities with the decline in the price of silver bullion, she concluded that her loss from that source was nothing, but that the result fell upon the producers of food and clothing, and also upon the laborer out of work who had no money with which to demand either. Who, then, derived the benefit from all the depreciation of values except the holders of gold and the money syndicates?

The poverty Barbara witnessed constantly jarred upon her sense of justice, and she felt that all the charity

bestowed by the benevolently inclined was but a poor return for the ills wrought upon the people through the conditions which prevailed, and which, but for injustice, would be unnecessary.

Why was it that the stores were glutted with goods marked down to nominal figures, while the people who were able and willing to work for what they received went about half clothed? Why was it that the farmers allowed their products to lie upon the ground because the market prices did not pay them for the loss of time in shipping, while thousands of hungry and starving people were unable to get sufficient money to make a market for these cheapened products? Where did the trouble exist if not in the lack of money? The supply of goods was not particularly greater than the need for them, yet how could people make a demand for them without the money to justify the demand?

It was impossible; they simply existed upon half rations; they went about half clad or lived upon charity, and it all seemed so unfair, so wantonly wicked. The advantage of the credit system (to the creditors), which had taken the place of our sound money, was being further demonstrated in the failure of her guardian, whose fortune, the fruits of years of struggle and care, had with her own been swept into the hands of his creditors. But the crash had come, and nothing remained but to make the best of it. Loy must be told, the music master and Mrs. Hartwell and Dena, her maid, must all be dismissed, for the Marchioness was now penniless. Her first thought was to return to the

mountains, but "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*"

Monsieur d'Artney, a well known impresario and once famous tenor, had been the Marchioness' vocal instructor since her arrival in New York. Many years before he had come to the American city with a large and expensive company of musicians and singers, and after an unsuccessful season of opera had finally found himself bankrupt, unable to speak the English language, and surrounded by a tumultuous crowd of disappointed Europeans, who clamored for redress. He had remained in New York. After several years of vicissitudes in various operatic companies, he had adopted the profession of vocal instructor, and had through his proficiency gained a widespread reputation, receiving as pupils only those who gave promise of becoming famous in the world of music.

The marvellous sweetness, flexibility and compass of the Marchioness' voice surpassed anything he had ever heard; it was to him a source of infinite delight; he had therefore spared neither time nor pains in instructing the young lady in musical technique, and was rewarded by the facility with which she had acquired a thorough finish of the art, as well as the ease with which her voice glided over the most difficult passages of music.

When the Marchioness announced to Monsieur d'Artney the misfortune that had befallen her, she was surprised at the extravagant exclamation of delight which escaped his lips.

"*J'ai transport de joie !*" he said, his face beaming with pleasure. M. d'Artney had for a long time enter-

tained a hope and often hinted that he might some day induce the Marchioness to adopt the stage as a profession, but thus far her wealth had proved an insurmountable obstacle to such a step; now that the barrier had been swept away, as if by a magic wand, M. d'Artney firmly believed that fate had decreed that the young lady so richly endowed was destined to move the world by the incomparable sweetness and volume of her tones. He felt that the loss of fortune was a matter of congratulation to the young girl, and hastened to make his sentiments known :

"Mees Howard have za fortune in ze voice. Ze world shall know Mademoiselle as uve ground singar."

Barbara laughed and protested against such a course, but M. d'Artney argued and finally succeeded in removing the Marchioness' scruples to such an extent that he secured a promise that she would consider a proposition of going abroad, and after a six months' finishing course to make her professional debut.

The Marchioness immediately advised with her guardian, and wrote to Bill, receiving the following letter in reply :

Beaver Gulch, Oct. 15, 1895.

"MY DEAR CHILD :

"Your letter apprising me of the loss of your fortune, together with a statement from Mr. Gilman, is before me. The news has proved as great a shock to me as it must have been to you, and I feel that I was guilty of gross negligence in not having made more strenuous efforts to gain information concerning Mr.

Gilman's financial standing when I accepted the position of joint guardianship with him.

"I have put in the day and nearly all the night upbraiding myself for my carelessness and want of business ability, exhausting the English language for terms severe enough in which to censure myself until my brain is weary. I had felt that Mr. Gilman was so much more capable than I, and he was rated so high in the commercial world that I had no hesitation in trusting everything to him, except the management of affairs out here, which I must confess so far has resulted in no benefit to you.

"The cross-cut, in which our dear one was hurt, is still piled up with debris, and I have had no heart to have any further work done, more particularly since silver has declined so much in value that it does not pay to mine it, unless the ore carries a good percentage of gold, or unless one could strike a bonanza such as you and Daddy discovered. Several claims, however, have been opened up by strangers, who found a ready sale for them, I am told, with an agent of the Rothschilds, who, it is said, is buying up silver mines at the depreciated value. It looks very much as if the Rothschilds were trying to get control of all the silver mines, in anticipation of the uprising against the gold standard proving successful.

"One of the claims located by the strangers was on the ledge just below the trail where you and Daddy struck it. From their developments I concluded that the ledge was continuous, so I staked out a claim myself, and after several weeks' work was rewarded for my

efforts by striking some pretty good pay dirt carrying a considerable proportion of gold. I have shipped quite a little bullion, from which I have netted about fifteen thousand dollars; so, my child, you must not hesitate to draw upon your old godfather whenever you need money, for to whom should my little girl turn but to the one who loves her so well.

"I shall have my banker communicate with yours, so that your drafts will be honored at sight. In the event of your going abroad, your banker will give you letters of credit so that you may be independent. I enclose herewith a draft for one thousand dollars, to provide for your present necessities.

"In regard to your returning here: much as I would like to have you come, I would advise you not to entertain the idea for a moment. In view of your present prospects, it would be time lost. The snows are deep on the ground already, and as you would not be able to get about you would find the old cabin as drear and desolate as it was when our loved one was first taken from us. I cannot bear to go there, and it is such an effort to get Tige out whenever he is once in the cabin that I sometimes think that I will not open it again while he lives. The first time we entered it, he saw your hat upon the lounge; he immediately laid his head upon it with such a mournful look. I could not induce him to leave it until I took down an old frock, and with it coaxed him from the cabin. Since then I have provided him with something that belonged to you upon which he sleeps every night. I could not tell you before how he mourned when you went away,

for you would have grieved too much; but Tige ate nothing and scarcely slept for a week. I thought he would die; but I soothed him and finally induced him to drink milk, then tempted him with some well-seasoned food, until one day he came and laid his head upon my knee while I played, and the tears stood in his eyes. I stroked his body and talked to him of you, as I have every day since then. He seems to understand every word I say, and scarcely ever leaves my side. He's getting old and blind now; the poor brute is likely to die any day; he's quite a care, but I would sooner part with all I have than to leave him. Poor, faithful old Tige.

"In reference to going abroad with M. d'Artney and taking Loy and your chaperon, I think it may be a good opportunity. Advise with your attorney before agreeing upon anything, and have him arrange terms and contract. Do not make it for a longer period than a year, for whoever brings you out will be well recompensed for his trouble and expense in that length of time by sharing the net profits with you. I will try to be with you at your debut.

"God speed you, is the wish of

"YOUR LOVING GODFATHER."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PROPOSAL.

The Marchioness read her guardian's letter with eyes overflowing with tears. Bill's affection, so simply and unostentatiously shown; the generous bestowal of the little fortune, which only after years of sacrifice had come to him; Tige's faithful love and remembrance, all awakened the most tender memories of her life, and she remained in seclusion, living again the peaceful, happy times when she was in ignorance of the world and its manifold woes; and the tears that fell were as rain to the earth, for they brought with them peace and reconciliation to the past and to that which lay before her.

Mr. Gilman the elder had, when quite a youth, come to the city from one of those unprogressive districts of Middle New York, where for generations people had been content to remain and follow in the beaten track of their ancestors.

David Mason and Charles Gilman had both proved restless, and one bright, sunny day concluded to run away from home together.

David Mason had drifted to the far West. Charles Gilman had entered New York, where from the first he was successful in obtaining a position in an insurance company. From the lowest rung of the ladder he had steadily worked his way upward until he was placed at the head of a large corporation. From insurance he branched out into real estate, investing all his earnings in cheap uptown property, which, during a period of fifteen years, had steadily advanced in value until

through his investments he became rich. Several times he had attempted to persuade his son to adopt some profession or business calling. He had procured positions for him whereby he could have fitted himself for a useful life, but young Gilman had upon such occasions made himself so obnoxious to his employers through his incompetence and egotism, that they had usually found some excuse for dispensing with his services.

His father was now bankrupt and once more obliged to accept a salaried position. Times were very hard and no opening had as yet been found for young Gilman, except upon a footing with the laboring class. Such a position was not to be considered by him.

The Marchioness was still provided for through Bill, whom young Gilman fancied was a "jolly old guy," and could be used as a convenience. The Marchioness' voice was bound to bring a fortune. Why not induce her to believe that marriage was necessary in order to give her a proper standing in the world? He weighed the matter well, knowing that Barbara had at times entertained a deep aversion for him; but he was conceited enough to fancy that he could place the subject before her in such a light as to cause her to forget their little differences, as he was pleased to term them to her.

It was some time after the receipt of her guardian's letter that Barbara announced her intention of arranging with M. d'Artney to go abroad.

Upon hearing her decision Harry immediately sought an interview with the Marchioness, in which he expressed regret at her determination to go into the world without a protector, and declared himself as a suitor for

the young lady's hand making a proposal of marriage forthwith. He used the situation as a pretext for argument, saying:

"You will find the world very different as a young girl thrown upon her own resources for a living from what it has been under the protection of my father and myself," he continued with emphasis, and in such manner attempted to persuade the Marchioness to consider the proposition, which she looked upon as preposterous in view of the sentiments existing between them.

Notwithstanding the diplomatic manner in which the young man approached her upon the subject she laughingly refused to believe him in earnest, although she was somewhat annoyed by the persistency with which he urged his suit, and felt relieved when, with ill-concealed chagrin at the reception which his offer met, he retired from her presence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MARCHIONESS IN PARIS.

"Who is the wonderful singer that the Count promises to introduce to us at the ball?"

"I do not know," responded Princess Nikolaevsk, assuming an air of indifference; "the Count is always taking up with people whom he fancies have talent, and where they come from no one ever knows. He is so eccentric."

"But, my dear," responded Madame Chartrand, "you must acknowledge that the Count has good judgment on such occasions, and that all Paris is ready to accept whatever he recommends. This young lady makes her first appearance at your entertainment to-morrow night, does she not?"

"Yes," returned the Princess, apparently annoyed.

"Not as a professional singer, however," added Count Ivan Nikolaevsk, who had entered in time to hear Madame Chartrand's question, "but as a guest of the house; is it not so, my sister?" he said, turning to the Princess.

"Why, certainly, if you desire it," returned the Princess, struggling to conceal her irritation by a manner that was meant to be affable.

"I do desire it very much," replied the Count, earnestly.

The Princess laughed and said: "One would imagine from the tone of your voice that the invincible had at last been overcome and that you had lost your heart."

"I am afraid I have, sister mine. All that I am

waiting for is the slightest sign of encouragement from the fair one."

"From the singer?" returned the Princess, anxiously.

"Yes."

It was only a word, but it created quite a flutter of excitement in the breast of the Princess, who had artfully schemed to arrange a marriage between her youngest sister and her husband's brother; she hastened to conceal her disappointment however by an appearance of pleased interest in behalf of her brother-in-law. "Do tell us all about her," she said.

"I am afraid it would take too long, from what I have learned of her history."

"She has a history, then?" returned the Princess, with a suggestive shrug of her shoulders and eyes widened with curiosity. "Did you learn it from her?"

"Very little of it," said the Count, "except now and then a stray bit while we were practicing together at the conservatoire; much of what I know comes from M. d'Artney, her former musical director, and Mrs. Hartwell, her chaperon. The young woman is a countrywoman of yours, sister, and comes from a neighboring State, but her chaperon hails from your native city, San Francisco."

"Indeed," returned the Princess, her face slightly flushing, "what is her name, pray?"

"Mrs. Hartwell."

"I have never heard of her," said the Princess, coldly.

"Probably not," returned the Count, "as her circumstances would necessarily place her in a position

far removed from that which you occupied, although her manner bespeaks culture.

"The young lady's name is Howard—Barbara Howard—and for a pet name she was called the 'Marchioness.'"

"How funny," responded both listeners at once; "Is she pretty?"

"I will leave you to judge for yourselves," diplomatically returned the Count, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. He then went on to relate as much of Miss Howard's history as he had learned, until he was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Denny, the sister of his brother's wife, looking quite chic in the latest mode of gown, with extremely bouffant cape and a bewildering creation of a hat, made up of roses. She pouted very prettily upon seeing the Count, whom she upbraided for not calling oftener. Whereupon the Count made most profuse apologies, and readily succeeded in reinstating himself in the good graces of his sister-in-law's pretty relative.

Count Nikolaevsk was thirty-eight, large, well-formed and handsome. His great blue eyes and frank, open countenance, inspired confidence in all with whom he came in contact, while his manner was most fascinating in its unconsciousness of self. For years he had successfully eluded the snares set for him by managing mammas, who considered him a most desirable catch for their daughters; for the Count was not only a descendant of one of the greatest families of Russia, and very *distingue* in appearance, but, what was still more gratifying in their eyes, he was the owner by inher-

itance and devise of vast estates, and had at his command unlimited means.

Paris possessed great attractions for the Count and his brother, the Prince Serge Nikolaevsk, who found bachelor quarters in that city much more to their Bohemian tastes and less exacting in its demands upon their time than a residence in their native country, and they had, therefore, passed much of their lives in that delightful city.

It was there the elder brother met and quietly married a young lady graduate from the convent of a sacred order of aristocratic ladies, through whose influence the young girl had been able to gain entrance into the world of society, where she lost no time in establishing herself through this marriage into one of the most powerful families ; for full of tact was the daughter of Norah Denny, now the Princess Nikolaevsk.

In the years that had succeeded her mother's rise to position through the medium of the immense fortune that had come to her, Mary had listened to the gossip of sycophants who had visited in their home, who, for Norah's delectation, had recounted the scandals that had assailed those who, through boldness and wealth, had forced their way into the charmed circle of society, knowing full well that these same scandal-mongers, whom she likened to carrion birds for the manner in which they seemed to enjoy the morsels of corruption upon which they fed, would make of her mother's weakness and ignorance another target for their shafts. She therefore determined to benefit by her mother's experience and permit no vulgar display of wealth to fur-

nish food for gossip or to signal her entrance—or that of her next younger sister, who subsequently married to equal advantage—into the society in which she felt that their wealth, beauty and wit entitled them to move. From her mother she had inherited ambition, and the same tenacity of purpose which had gained for Norah a standing in society in San Francisco and which, in her own instance had resulted in establishing herself in the position which she now occupied.

Purseproud and insolent, Mary had sought to impress with her importance by an affectation of hauteur that awed familiarity, while at the same time she looked back with a shudder to the days when, as a little child, she had played about in their humble home and listened with delight to the homely ditties that her rough-looking father had sung to her; and failing to realize that the dignity of true worth carried with it force to rise above the accident of circumstances or lowly origin, she had in her false pride determined to conceal the facts from the world by a denial if necessary.

Death had overtaken Norah while she was en route to Europe. She had adjusted her business affairs in San Francisco and had prepared for an extended residence abroad, where arrangements had been made to transfer her three pretty daughters from the convent in which they were being educated to one of a like order in Paris. The physicians had traced the cause of Norah's death to over-indulgence in the good things of the earth, and a lack of proper exercise.

The funeral ceremonies over, the young ladies with their chaperon, under the direction of the eldest sister,

who had arrived at the required legal age, lost no time in putting into execution the arrangements which had been made, and leaving their affairs in the hands of a trusted agent, at once repaired to Paris. While there Mary had met Prince Serge Nikolaevsk, who, after a short wooing of the talented beauty, during which time he had often been forced to acknowledge her superiority to many who were born in the purple, he had proposed to her, and soon after her graduation from the convent they were married. Several years had passed, two children had been born to them, and the princess felt that her position in society was now firmly established.

A greater part of the winter had been passed in their palatial residence in Paris. The season had been marked for the splendor of its entertainments. Princess Nikolaevsk's passion for display, so long restrained, had broken its bonds and resolved itself into the determination to rival all former efforts of society. A grand ball had therefore been arranged in honor of her sister's debut, and the society world was on the *qui vive*, knowing that from the immense wealth of the Prince and Princess no expense would be spared to make the entertainment the crowning event of the season.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GRAND BALL.

The ballroom was filled with distinguished people when M. d'Artney, Mrs. Hartwell and Miss Howard were announced.

Count Nikolaevsk had been watching for the arrival of Miss Howard, who, with the permission of her maestro, had accepted the invitation extended to her to be present at the ball, and had promised to render several numbers in her repertoire, including a *duetto* which she was to sing with the Count.

Ivan hastened forward at the formal presentation of the young lady, on whom many eyes were turned.

"It is the young American singer," whispered Madame Chartrand, while a murmur of admiration was heard among those favored with a glimpse of the girl.

"No wonder," said Baron von Hasslacher, "that M. d'Artney has kept the young lady from society and secured seats in the most secluded parts of the opera house whenever they appeared in that place."

Count Ivan Nikolaevsk had danced once during the evening with the young debutante, and was well satisfied when that pretty young lady's admirers gathered around her and relieved him of the task of making himself further agreeable in that quarter.

Miss Howard had arrived just in time to take her place with him in a quadrille that was forming, and the Count hastened with his fair partner to complete the set.

Arthur Bascom, the young American Croesus had formerly met Miss Howard, and losing no time followed

up the advantage he had thus gained in securing for himself the privilege of a dance with her.

She had moved about in the intricate maze with such grace and poetry of motion that Princess Nikolaevsk was besieged with requests to be presented to *la belle Americaine*.

The harmonious strains of music, which seemed to be wafted in upon them from the distance with the mingling of subtle perfumes, brought a glow of pleasure to the Marchioness' face, while her ingenuous countenance expressed the admiration she experienced as her speaking eyes viewed the artistic arrangements of the rare floral decorations, the glistening of jewels and gorgeous apparel of the ladies.

Her passionate nature for the time felt the exhilaration of excitement and yielded to the alluring effect created to stimulate the vitiated appetites of the voluptuary. Then gradually there arose before her another, but far different scene; a scene that was startlingly clear and distinct as it stood out from the splendor, which seemed to form for it a mocking background. It was in a basement room of an old rat-eaten tenement; the floor was covered fully an inch deep with water, the emaciated form of a starving child lay stretched upon a pallet of straw, another child stood by its mother's side crying for bread while a babe sucked at her empty breast. Piece by piece their miserable clothing had been pawned for a pittance with which to buy food, while day after day the father had walked the streets in search of employment.

When food was provided it was devoured by them like famished animals. Tremblingly the woman broke

the bread for the children, eating nothing herself until their hunger was appeased; she chewed small morsels and fed them to the infant at her breast, then finally ate voraciously what remained. There was no show of gratitude for the succor that had thus come to her starving children; she was angry and sullen, knowing not that it was the injustice of the situation that made her so.

When asked about her clothing she pointed to some pawn tickets that lay upon a box, and when the miserable rags were restored to her, then only, she wept and fondled them, for to her they possessed a value that could not be equalled by all the comforts that charity could bestow. They represented the earnings of independent manhood to which she looked for support, the right and privilege to labor for that which was now denied them. For the loss of that privilege charity could not compensate, and instinctively she felt that those who were able to bestow it were in some way responsible for her condition.

"Why so serious, Miss Howard?" inquired the Count as he looked into the sad, lustrous eyes. "Are you not enjoying yourself?" he added as he conducted her to the conservatory, where, hidden by the plants, they found a seat.

"Very much indeed," responded the Marchioness, who was about to say more when she was interrupted by a voice.

"Who is the young stranger countrywoman of yours, Miss Denny?"

"Oh, she is a person," replied Miss Denny, with a significant emphasis on the last word, "whose acquaint-

ance the Count made in one of the conservatories where he goes for vocal practice; I believe she is training for the stage. She was invited here at his request. He is so infatuated with her that he would make her 'My Lady the Countess' if he could," she said, with a tinge of pique in her voice, as they passed along.

The Count bit his lips in anger and turned white with rage, then completely forgetting himself for the moment he exclaimed. "That is very good for the daughter of a cook." "Miss Howard, forgive me for subjecting you to such an insult. She speaks the truth, however, when she says that I would make you 'my lady' if I could. Miss Howard—Barbara," he said in impassioned tones, "will you not give me that privilege, and as my wife let me place you in a position which your beauty and worth would adorn?"

Feeling that the Count must have been unusually stirred to have committed such solecism in referring to Miss Denny, the Marchioness tactfully ignored his proposal and good-naturedly protested.

"Really Count," she said, "I am not in the least bit moved by the young lady's remarks. So far as Miss Denny being the daughter of a cook," she continued, anxious to divert the Count's mind from herself, "that to me signifies nothing, inasmuch as I have heard Mrs. Hartwell, who visited in a family where Miss Denny's mother worked, say that she was an excellent cook. Moreover, to rise above the lowly conditions of one's birth I think is commendable; for are we not all born equal?"

"You do not think, then, that some are born to serve and others to rule?"

"That is a delusion set up by man. I think that we are all born to serve one Master, and in serving each other we best serve him; that as his creation we are one fraternity, regardless of conditions, regardless of nations, and that we should be subjects only to the reason which tells us that one creature is to Him as important as another, and not of those who constitute themselves rulers through force of circumstances, except where we are equally benefited. In America we believe and proclaim that all are born equal, and that it lies solely within one's self to rise. If one is possessed of superior intellect, and, I may add, cunning, he ascends, step by step, sometimes according to his merits, but more often, I fear, through cunning," she added with a sigh.

"As our friend who has just passed us," interposed the Count. "But to resume, you have not answered my question, Barbara, Marchioness," he said, pleadingly, dwelling upon the pet name he had once heard, "will you not give me some encouragement to hope that I may win you for my wife?"

"Count, believe me, I fully appreciate the honor you would confer upon me, not only in raising me to position but in bestowing upon me the companionship of one whom I know to be noble-hearted, but I have never thought of marriage for myself; my music seems to satisfy my life."

"Are you quite sure there is no one else whom you love?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, quite," she answered unhesitatingly, "unless it is the whole world; perhaps that is the reason why I cannot love one."

Suddenly there came to her eyes as they looked into his, an expression exquisitely tender. What was it that stirred within her breast as memory, all unbidden, recalled the time when a youth lay upon a bed in the old log cabin in the mountains. The Marchioness did not stop to define the sensation; she did not know her own heart when she looked into the eyes of the Count and answered so frankly. But the expression sent the hot blood coursing through the veins of the man, who pleaded passionately: "I would be willing to share your love with the world if you could only accept me as the principal. Marchioness, take time to consider. I will wait patiently for love to come; I will make you love me. I will be your slave. I would give my soul to possess you as my wife."

"Ah, Miss Howard, I have been looking for you everywhere," interrupted Arthur Bascom, with an affected English drawl. "I believe that our number is the next on the programme."

"That reminds me," returned the Count, with ill-concealed irritation, "that I am engaged for the next number myself," and he reluctantly excused himself and went in search of his partner.

Bascom seated himself in the place made vacant by the Count and attempted to make himself agreeable. The perfume of aromatic spices did not quite conceal the smell of liquor upon his breath as he leaned familiarly towards the Marchioness and laughed unpleasantly at his own witless remarks, while he nervously twirled his moustache and literally devoured the young girl with his eyes.

The Marchioness began to feel uneasy, and suggested that they repair at once to the ball room.

"There is no hurry, I assure you, Miss Howard; our number is not the next on the programme, but I felt that the Count was monopolizing your society, and I resorted to a little ruse to have a talk with you."

Thereupon Bascom began to speak of the Marchioness' career in a most patronizing manner, and finally ended with a veiled offer to her of a magnificent establishment, with an unlimited purse at her command.

"Mr. Bascom, you surprise me," returned the Marchioness, mistaking his proposal for an offer of marriage. "I have only known you for a short time."

"But you don't realize who I am," he said importantly. "My father is many times a millionaire," continued he, with the air of a despot, "and is looked upon as one of the ablest financiers and greatest power in America. I could place you in an establishment that queens would envy."

"What a lot of good one could do with all that money," returned the Marchioness. "If one could only love you well enough to marry you."

"But, unfortunately, I am married already," responded Bascom.

"Oh! I did not understand," replied the Marchioness, with a suppressed exclamation, stunned and almost gasping for breath, while the hot blood surged up in her neck and face as she began to comprehend his meaning. Then the remark made by young Gilman upon her refusal of his offer of marriage recurred to her with full force, and she realized the difference that

circumstances had wrought in her position and to what that difference had subjected her.

It was her first appearance in society; twice she had been insulted, each time by her own country people. She felt a momentary sense of suffocation. Count Nikolaevsk appeared, and her face instantly lighted up with a feeling of relief.

The Count's heart leaped wildly at the unmistakable change in her countenance.

"Miss Howard," he said, "we are to have the musical part of the programme, and I am commissioned to prepare you for your first number."

The Marchioness arose, and, grasping the arm offered by the Count, turned haughtily away from the son of the multi-millionaire.

The Count was thrilled by her touch, and looking into her face discovered the excitement that betrayed itself.

"Miss Howard—Barbara—speak! Are you ill?" he said, as he pressed her hand more closely to his side.

"I must have air before I sing," she exclaimed. "Pure air!"

The Count led her to the balcony on which the conservatory opened.

"Tell me, Miss Howard," he implored, as with the intuition of love he partially divined that something unusual had caused her agitation, "what has affected you so?"

"Nothing of importance," returned the Marchioness, as she inhaled the cold night air. "I felt a sickening sensation for a moment, but it is over now. I am ready to sing."

"Are you quite sure? Had I not better get you an ice or something?"

"No, I thank you, Count. I require nothing."

They re-entered the conservatory and passed into the music room. The Marchioness at once espied Bascom seated conspicuously near the stage. She paused and tremblingly turned to the Count and said: "Cannot you induce that man to absent himself from the room while I sing?"

"Trust me to do as you wish," he returned, an instinctive feeling of resentment fully roused. "I beseech you, tell me what has so disturbed you?"

The Marchioness instantly comprehended the state of the Count's mind, and, remembering the previous exhibition of anger he had betrayed in his resentment of the remark made by Miss Denny, she concluded that it were well to keep her own counsel.

"I do not care to speak of it now," replied she; "perhaps later I may tell you."

The Count conducted the Marchioness to the dressing-room, then turning to Bascom with a semblance of friendliness requested him to accompany him to the billiard room.

Bascom, pleased at the distinction thus conferred upon him, arose and followed the Count.

It was some time before they managed to effect a passage through the great throng of people near the doors, and Bascom, feeling that companionship with the master of ceremonies had made him the cynosure of all eyes, determined to make use of the opportunity

by an air of familiarity with the Count, to give eclat to his standing.

"Superb creature, that Miss Howard," he said, patronizingly, as for a moment they stood hemmed in by the crowd.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Bascom, even though she did refuse to accept from me the title of Countess."

"The devil you say," exclaimed Bascom, uneasily twirling his moustache. "You don't mean to tell me that she refused an offer of marriage with you, the grand catch of Paris?"

"I stand in that unenviable position," returned the Count.

"The girl must have been mad to have thrown away such a chance."

"Miss Howard is not only quite sane, but I find that she is possessed of a brilliant mind and must have had the advantage of an unusually clever influence in her bringing up?"

The conversation was necessarily carried on in an undertone, but it was not long before the stray bits that the acute hearing of gossip caught up were put in circulation and it was known that the new singer had refused an offer of marriage from the Count.

The Count had succeeded in edging his way with Bascom into the billiard room, where he adroitly managed to get him engaged in a game of billiards with the old Prince Kourovitch, to whom he confided his desire to be rid of the obnoxious guest and received a promise from the Prince to detain the American until he returned; and soon Bascom found himself interested in

recovering the heavy losses which in his elation he made through his unsteadiness of hand.

The stage in the music room, under the Count's direction, had been made the feature in decorative art. In the center of an artistic group of ferns and palms stood a fountain of bronze figures holding aloft a huge jar, from which the water dripped in soft and measured sound, spraying the plants until the bright green foliage glistened with moisture and light. The center of the stage was festooned with arching vines, beneath which the Marchioness stood as she prepared to sing. Her small head was held erect and most perfectly poised; nobility and force of character were plainly stamped upon her expressive countenance; the delicate color of her neck and shoulders contrasted with the ivory hue of the soft silken gown which hung gracefully around her exquisitely molded figure; the glow of health upon her cheeks deepened and added lustre to the sparkle of her eyes as they turned to the assembly of strangers with a frank, open expression of friendliness, while she thought with shame of her own countryman.

The audience, feeling the magnetism of her personality, paid a tribute to the beautiful picture thus presented and welcomed the songstress with a spontaneous burst of applause that instantly won her heart.

The *piece de resistance* was an original composition of the *mæstro*, under whose tutelage she had been during her residence in Paris. It was not, however, the opening number of her repertoire, but at the last moment she had insisted upon placing it first. It was very dramatic, and at another time might have proved

trying in its demand upon the inexperienced girl; but the Marchioness' soul was aflame as the meaning of Bascom's proposal became clear, and in the song she found vent for her overcharged feelings, fairly electrifying her audience with the spell of her passion and power and the magnetism of her earnestness.

The Count, having disposed of Bascom so expeditiously, returned to the music room in time to hear the closing of the Marchioness' song and to witness the magic effect of her voice upon her listeners. To him it was more than a personal triumph, and he listened with extreme unction to the applause which fairly shook the palace, while the people shouted bravos and called "*Encore !*"

The Count forced his way through the throng to the stage entrance, to congratulate the Marchioness and inform her of the disposition he had made of Bascom.

"Thank you, so much," she returned sweetly, her equanimity fully restored by singing. "It was a foolish notion; think of it no more," she added hastily, as she turned with a movement all grace to respond to the recalls.

The Count's face was radiant and betrayed the pleasure he experienced in her success. He felt an irresistible desire to clasp her in his arms, but he was forced to be content with a warm grasp of the hand, while he realized by her unconcern and indifference to praise the superiority of her mind. He began to understand that the unlasting pleasures for which society seemed ever to be reaching out with an unsatisfied desire would soon weary her, and that her passionate nature demand-

ed a more worthy object in life, an object in harmony with the great soul which would, if it could, free the earth from its sorrows. He was proud to know that, unassisted, she had sung her way into the hearts of his people, and at that moment he felt that he could sacrifice his own individuality and become a willing slave to this peerless creature.

When, later in the evening, the duet was sung it was admitted that the Count's magnificent tenor had never before been heard to such advantage as when it blended with the pure, rich tones of the Marchioness' voice.

Princess Nikolaevsk, understanding the significance of the signal success achieved by the Marchioness, lost no time in making amends for any shortcomings as a hostess that might have been apparent to the young lady, and, with her sister, hastened to extend congratulations, at the same time bestowing upon Mrs. Hartwell a haughty glance of toleration.

The Count laughed within himself at the aplomb of his brother's wife in the presence of the woman who had it in her power to make her very uncomfortable, to say the least.

In the conversation which had ensued upon the disappearance of Miss Denny from the conservatory the Marchioness had been innocent of any intent to injure the standing of the young lady who had so pointedly expressed herself. She did not know that the Count had never cared to inquire into the antecedents of his brother's wife, and that accidentally she had confirmed a rumor which hitherto had been promptly suppressed,

that the Count had merely spoken in the heat of anger and supersensitiveness concerning herself and to subdue the effect which he felt that the insult might have upon her.

During the conversation between the young ladies, Miss Denny could not refrain from covertly giving the Marchioness to understand that she had been robbed of the honors of the evening by Barbara's wonderful success, and soon the Marchioness, rather depressed, intimated to M. d'Artney that she wished to make a speedy departure. Her abrupt withdrawal proved a great disappointment to the guests, who were thus deprived of the pleasure of acknowledging their appreciation of the efforts of the songstress.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOCIETY.

The morning papers gave a lengthy account of the grandeur of the ball given by the Prince and Princess Nikolaevsk in honor of the Princess' sister, the fair debutante, in which they accorded to that young lady much praise for her beauty and accomplishments; and after giving the list of invited guests and a description of some of the magnificent toilets, devoted quite as much space to a eulogy of the fair singer, the quality and compass of her matchless voice, the great applause that followed the pleasure that she gave to a most critical audience, while it spoke of her beauty as glorified in her interpretation of the language of the soul.

Following close upon this account there appeared in the *Figaro* the romantic history of the Marchioness' life, which Count Nikolaevsk that night had obligingly afforded the reporter, anxious for a scoop for his paper.

The Marchioness was besieged with calls from Society, which seemed to have turned out en masse, in the effort to welcome this acquisition to their ranks. She found herself obliged to hold an impromptu reception in the music room of her unpretentious quarters, while Loy, with beaming countenance, ushered in her distinguished guests. She received them in a manner so self-possessed that many marvelled. They could not understand that a life of daily communion in that awe-inspiring world, where nature stood out grand and austere in its immensity, a constant appeal to the soul in the language of the

Creator, caused everything that art or human mechanism could devise to sink into insignificance in comparison, and that the expressions masked with conventionalities, and the gorgeous display, evoked no sensation other than a passing attention and admiration for the butterfly existence that passed from memory as it passed from view.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DEBUT OF THE MARCHIONESS

The Grand Opera House was packed from pit to dome with an assembly of cultured and distinguished people. M. d'Artney was jubilant. The demand for seats was unprecedented ; all had been sold at a premium, and the receipts of the house represented a fortune.

True to his promise, Bill had arrived in Paris several days prior to the debut of the Marchioness. He brought with him the news of a discovery of a great body of rich ore which had been mined by the owners of the claim adjoining that of the Marchioness, and which, upon investigation, proved to be located beneath the ground owned by her. A compromise had been effected, and the mine had been leased to the operators upon a fair percentage basis. Thus the Marchioness found herself once more in the possession of riches far beyond that which had taken wings with Mr. Gilman's investments.

All Paris had learned of the change in her fortune, and of the failure of the attempt of her faithful friend and godfather to effect a release from the engagement with the M. d'Artney into which his ward had entered.

Fearing that the opportunity for hearing the songstress would be limited, each had vied with the other in his efforts to be present to greet the American upon her professional debut.

It was a proud moment for M. d'Artney when he led his star before the footlights of the great stage, and,

with a bow, left her standing alone to face, for the first time in her life, so vast a throng. Her appearance was the signal for applause of recognition by those who had heard her sing, while her beauty, set off by a gown of shimmering white silk and soft lace, evoked a hum of admiration as the color came and went in her face and neck in her struggles to subdue the varied emotions which the strangeness of the position created. The last note of the prelude of her song was played; a hush of expectancy settled upon the audience. The Marchioness raised her eyes; one look at that vast sea of faces, with their glasses leveled upon her, the glare of lights and the glitter of dazzling jewels, and for a moment all became a blank. At first her great brown eyes took on an expression of a startled fawn, then out from among that living mass appeared a face like that which once before had struck terror to her soul. The Marchioness' eyes became riveted upon it; she stood motionless as if turned to stone. She was living again the horror of that moment in the mountain forest. Guiseppe's nephew, whose striking resemblance to his uncle had thus added to the trial to which a first appearance had subjected the Marchioness, had come to Paris to hide his crime; upon learning of her intended debut he determined to be present to listen once more to the voice which he knew would thrill all Paris. He was seated not far from the stage and as if from some magnetic influence, her eyes had been attracted to and riveted upon his face as he craned his neck to get a good view.

"Stage fright," whispered a professional singer, and

the words seemed to fly about, while men and women were stirred with emotion in their eagerness to recall her to herself.

"Courage! courage!" was shouted from every corner of the house, but the Marchioness was deaf to their cries, while the huge circles with their multitude of people seemed to be whirling round and round.

Mr. d'Artney walked back and forth in the wings of the great stage screaming "*Fiasco!*" while he tore at his hair in the frenzy of his disappointment.

"Monsieur d'Artney," exclaimed Bill, who stood in the wings with him, "what will you take to release my ward from her engagement with you?"

"Anything!" shouted the excited man, gesticulating wildly.

"The receipts of the house or their equivalents are yours; here is the money to bind the bargain," said Bill in the presence of witnesses, as he handed him his wallet filled with banknotes.

The Marchioness was about to fall when Bill hastily demanded a violin from one of the musicians, and walking down to where she stood placed his arm about her and led her up the stage to the grand piano. He requested the accompanist to give his ward the stool, upon which he seated her. After removing her gloves he placed her hands upon the keys, then he drew the bow across the strings of the violin, striking a few familiar chords, and said, "Play!"

The Marchioness from force of habit obeyed her Master. It was as if the flood gates of her soul were opened. Then poured forth such exquisite harmony

of sound as never before had greeted the ears of her listeners; spell bound they sat, scarcely breathing in their fear of losing a note. From one selection to another they went, when finally Bill, seeing that the Marchioness was recovering from her fear, played with her the prelude to one of her favorite songs and the sweet sound of her voice floated out upon her hearers, who, entranced, hung upon every note.

Shouts of "Brava! Brava! Bravissima!" rent the air, while the building shook with thunders of applause, and the Marchioness was forced at last to face the audience to receive the numerous bouquets and gifts of jewels that were showered upon her.

This impromptu performance was then followed by the repertoire advertised, and the young girl delighted them all by the facility with which she rendered the most difficult and classical numbers.

What M. d'Artney had pronounced a fiasco in the beginning ended in a brilliant success, owing to Bill's knowledge of his ward's temperament and his admirable presence of mind; and while M. d'Artney deplored the sudden termination of his season he was forced to be content with the fortune he had reaped in the gross receipts of that night's performance, which were later supplemented by a check for a generous amount from the Marchioness.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POLITICS IN AMERICA.

Parisian society would have lionized the Americans but for the indifference of the two people, who soon wearied of the life which to them seemed so unreal, and which they soon forsook for a brief tour of the Continent, prior to which a quiet wedding took place.

The meeting of Bill and Mrs. Hartwell had proved a great surprise and pleasure to the Marchioness, who by some mischance had always omitted to speak the full name of her godfather to Mrs. Hartwell, thus failing to learn that her companion and chaperon was none other than the one-time pupil whose former marriage had been the cause of Mr. Pendleton living the life of a comparative recluse for twenty years or more.

The Marchioness was indeed happy to witness the change in her guardian's manner, and to know that the love which had so long been slumbering in his breast had once again quickened and found response in the heart of the woman for whom she entertained a great affection.

Change makes change, it is said, and in the acquisition of the fortune that Bill had secured to the Marchioness she lost no time in placing to Loy's credit the ten thousand dollars which he had been deprived of in the disappearance of the money left by her guardian, and which he regretted much less than the loss of wealth to the idol of his heart.

Loy, feeling that his charge would have ample protection in the guardianship of Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton,

determined to repair at once to China, and there with his wife and family pass the rest of his days, the Marchioness, meanwhile, promising to visit him in his native land.

The summer of 1896 was approaching; it was the year of the Presidential election in the United States. Many candidates had been suggested to the Republican party, to which the travelers were strongly inclined, but no candidate thus far found so much favor as William McKinley; and notwithstanding that the Republicans felt they had become almost impregnable in their position through the stress of hard times that had continued since the panic of '93 and that they had only to move along in the same old lines to insure the election of their candidate, the most popular and noted politician that could be found was chosen to run for the office of President.

The Cleveland administration had proved most unsatisfactory to its own party and to the majority of the people, who had begun to look forward to any change that would be liable to alter conditions that had become almost insupportable. Legislation since the beginning of the war had seemed to favor the money class, which now, singly and in combinations, indisputably held such control of gold and finance, as to cause the whole world to live in fear and anxiety, while the results of this stupendous monopoly were daily evidenced by mortgage foreclosures, homeless people, hungry tramps and workless laborers. Cleveland's more recent pronounced views in favor of the gold standard, so directly at variance with the platform up-

on which he was first elected, together with the issuance of more bonds to exchange for gold in order to maintain the reserve in the treasury with which to support that single standard that we might keep our token money at par, thus favoring the money classes at such a needless and wanton sacrifice of the masses, had caused the majority of the people to almost execrate his name. They could scarcely possess their souls with patience until the expiration of a term which had begun so auspiciously, as an honor conferred in return for a former and more even administration.

Through his party platform, Cleveland had proclaimed his sentiments: "We believe in honest money, *the gold and silver coinage of the Constitution*, and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss." He further declared that his policy should be "cautious and conservative, *responsive to the demands of public opinion*;" that he "recognized that as the nation grew older new issues were born of time and progress, and old issues perished; that through the twenty years of uninterrupted power the Republican party had, through its legislation, enriched the few while it had impoverished the many; that in its gifts to railroads of the people's lands, held in trust by the Government for those who made their homes in the United States, through the discrimination of the railroads, it had depleted returns of American labor and agriculture, and had placed them in a state of bondage to debt, which had resulted in the eventual ownership of the people's lands by aliens, until statistics proved that the corporations and aliens possessed

(through mortgage foreclosures and bankruptcies, and so forth) a larger area of land than all the farmers of our country."

These were the sentiments upon which President Cleveland was elected, and to which were added exposures of the fraud and corruption of the Republican Party. How was it, then, that in 1896 he had joined the gold side of the issue with the Republican forces who, in the outset, like Cleveland, had believed gold and silver to be the honest money of the Constitution, but who, like him, had finally surrendered their opinions and sacrificed their honor upon the altar of gold.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton and the Marchioness were touring the British provinces, but, like patriotic Americans they kept themselves daily informed concerning the movements of the United States.

In the beginning of the campaign, the travelers were unanimous in their confidence in the Republican party, and favored the nomination of Mr. McKinley as being the strongest candidate for the office of President, inasmuch as his views had been very pronounced in favor of the full use of gold and silver as money. Since then the conventions of the two great parties had been held and their platforms arranged. The Republican party at once made reference to the justification of their claims by the matchless achievements of thirty years of Republican rule, and to the incapacity, dishonor and disaster that had attended Democratic rule.

At Mr. Pendleton's request the Marchioness read the Republican monetary plank from the platform: "The

Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the resumption of specie payment in 1879; since then every dollar has been as good as gold." The Marchioness paused abruptly and said: "How about the fifty-three cent dollar." She then recalled what she had learned in the study of political economy: That bonds drawing an interest of four and four and one-half per cent. were issued, payable in coin for the purpose, it was said, of retiring the greenback money in circulation in order to return to the resumption of specie payment.

"But from what I have read upon that subject," said the Marchioness, "to return to the resumption of specie payment, with half the specie demonetized, seems to have proved but of temporary and little benefit to the country, and that benefit was only through the compulsory but limited purchase of silver, for which the acts of 1878 and 1890 provided. That it was through those acts that any material benefit was derived from resumption is further demonstrated in the manner in which gold has again risen to a premium or in purchasing power, which is the same thing, since the repeal of those purchasing acts, and is in itself an argument in favor of restoring to silver its fixed value by remonetizing it. I think what James G. Blaine wrote of the matter of resumption quite apropos of remonetization. He said: 'Gold which (up to that time) had borne a premium for seventeen years was no longer demanded, legislation proved to be adequate to the end in view, and resumption was achieved with the least practicable disturbance to trade—as it would be again,'" added the speaker.

The Marchioness possessed an analytical mind, and in her childhood days had often puzzled her instructor, who delighted in placing before her the most abstruse problems. Her ability to cope with such a confusion of meaningless or meaningful words was, therefore, no surprise to Mr. Pendleton, who agreed with his ward. She then continued reading that which pertained to the money question :

"We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country.

"We are therefore opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote."

Again she paused, and said: "And yet, by giving support to that measure that denies silver the same free and unlimited coinage with gold through opposing free and unlimited coinage except by international agreement, they steadfastly maintain that to which they say they are unalterably opposed. Inasmuch as we have been trying in vain for the past twenty years to induce our creditor nation to join us in restoring silver to its proper basis, and knowing that they have no intention of ever releasing us from the power they have gained through its demonetization, pledging themselves to promote international agreement sounds to me like an empty promise ; and when to that is added, in the most imperative manner, that—'until such an agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved,'—I can imagine a most despotic order of brain that dictated the plank."

"Barbara, I am afraid you are becoming too intense in your interest in politics."

"Why? Because I presume to criticise? I have back of me, as Senator Teller says, the intelligence of world. Listen while I read to you some of his speech. It is quite lengthy, so I will give you only the most salient features.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SENATOR TELLER'S GREAT SPEECH.

The Marchioness turned the page of the journal and read: * * * "I promised you that I would not discuss the silver question and I will not do so further, except to repeat that this platform is such a distinct departure from any policy heretofore enunciated by the Republican party that it challenges our republicanism to accept it.

"Mr. President, the platform contains some platitudes about international conferences. It provides that we shall maintain the gold standard in this country until the principal nations of the world shall agree that we may do otherwise. Sir, this is the first gathering of Republicans since this party was organized that has declared the inability of the American people to control their own affairs.

"To my horror, this declaration comes from the great party of Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant!

"Do you believe that the American people are too weak to actually maintain a financial system commensurate with the greatness of the country of their own fruition?

"Gentlemen of this convention, you will have no bimetallic agreement with all the great commercial nations of the world; it cannot be obtained. Therefore this is a declaration that the gold standard is to be put upon this country and kept upon it for all time. Do you believe that Great Britain—the great commercial nation of the world, our powerful competitor in com-

merce and trade—will ever agree to open her mints to the free coinage of silver, or consent that we shall open ours as long as she gets the advantages of the low prices and the declining values that have been brought to this country by the adoption of a gold standard? We are the great debtor nation of the world. Great Britain is the great creditor. We pay her every year millions and hundreds of millions of dollars which count as income on her investments in this country, or interest on her loans. The gold standard, in my judgment, lowers prices and decreases values. Great Britain buys of us millions and millions more than she sells, and she buys upon a gold standard—a lowering and depreciating standard. How long do you think it will be before she will agree to a system of finance that raises the price of the farm products, or the produce of our mines in this country?

“It is a solemn declaration that the Republican party intends to maintain low prices and stagnate business for all time to come. * * * I believe that the whole welfare of my race is dependent upon a right solution of this question; that the morality, the civilization, nay, the very religion of my country, is at stake in this contest. I know and you know, that men in distress are neither patriotic nor brave. You and I know that hunger and distress will destroy patriotism and love of country. If you would have love of country, patriotic fervor and independence, you must have your citizens comfortably fed and comfortably clothed. That is what made me a Republican in 1853; that is what made me a Republican during all these years—because I believed

that the Republican party stood for the great masses of men; that its legislation was intended to lift up and elevate and hold up and sustain the unfortunate and the distressed, and give all American citizens equal opportunities before the law. I don't think these blessings can be had with the gold standard. * * * * I say to you now, that I may hasten my remarks, that with the solemn conviction upon me that this gold plank means ultimate disaster and distress to my fellow men, I cannot subscribe to it; and if it is adopted I must, as an honest man, sever my connection with the political organization that makes that one of the main articles of its faith.

“I repeat here what I said yesterday in the Committee on Resolutions—I would not upon my own judgment alone, carefully as I have attempted to prepare it, dare take this step. My friends, I am sustained in my views of the danger that is coming to us and coming to the world by the adoption of the gold standard by the intelligence of the entire world.

“They may say that the Silver question is a craze. Let me tell you that the best thought of Europe, the best thought of the world, is with bimetallism. All the great political teachers of Europe, with the exception of five or six, are the pronounced advocates of bimetallism—unrestrained and unrestricted bimetallism. All the great political teachers in the European colleges, without exception, favor bimetallism.

“My own judgment, based, as I have said to you, on careful preparation and careful study for twenty years, bears me out and puts me in accord with them; and I

would be recreant to my trust, given to me by the people of my State, if I failed to protest here, and if I failed, when the Republican party makes this one of the tenets of its faith, to sever my connection from that party.'

"After asking pardon for making a few personal remarks further on he says: "

" 'Mr. President, do you suppose that myself and my associates can take this step without distress? Do you suppose that we could take it for any personal advantage, or any honor that could be conferred upon us? We say that it is a question of duty. You may nominate in this convention any man that you may think proper; if you will put him on the right kind of a platform I will vote for him. But when you ask me now to surrender to you my principles as an honest man, I cannot do that.

" 'I realize what it will cost us. I realize the gibes and sneers and the contumely that will be heaped upon us. But, my fellow citizens, I have been through this before—before the political party to which you belong had a being. I have advocated a cause more unpopular than the Silver cause. I have stood for the doctrine of free men, free homes and free speech. I am used to detraction, I am used to abuse—and I have had it heaped upon me without stint.

" 'When the Republican party was organized, I was there. It has never had a national candidate since it was organized that my voice has not been raised in his support. It has never had a great principle enunciated in its platform that has not had my approbation until now. With its distinguished leaders, its distinguished men of forty years, I have been in close communion

and close friendship. I have shared in its honors and its few defeats and disasters. Do you think that we can sever our connection with a party like this, unless it be a matter of duty?—a duty not to our respective States only, but a duty to all the people of this great land.

“Mr. President, there are few men in the Republican party who have been honored more than I have been by the people of the State in which I live. There are few men in this convention, or anywhere else, who have been longer connected with this organization than I have been. There are few men in it who have been more active, and none in it, no, not one, who has been more attached to the great principles of this party than I have been, and I cannot go out of it without heart-burnings and a feeling that no man can appreciate who has not endured it; and yet I cannot, before my country and my God, agree to the provision that shall put upon this country a gold standard.’”

“The writer says: ‘Senator Teller’s speech was earnest and affecting, and he spoke as if almost broken-hearted at the thought of separation from his political party, with which he had been identified for more than forty years. His withdrawal from the party was followed by Senators Dubois, Pettigrew, Cannon, Lee, Mantle, and Congressmen Hartman, Shafroth, Allen and others.’”

“What do you think of it?” inquired the Marchioness, anxious to have her guardian give expression to his sentiments. “Talk to me,” she said earnestly.

“I cannot understand how one can honestly support a gold standard,” returned Mr. Pendleton, thoughtfully, “and still proclaim himself a friend to the laborer or

the people. If McKinley, who has shown himself so strongly in favor of bimetallism, would join with Teller in denouncing this high-handed proceeding against the welfare of the people, he would become almost as popular as Abraham Lincoln; but his acceptance of the nomination on that platform proves to me that he is thoroughly party-bound, and I do not see how he can hope to win, unless it is through the power of money, which his directors hold. It is quite evident, as Senator Teller implies, that the party have taken their cue from the money class, despite the facts staring us in the face that it was these bankers and money-loaners who combined against the silver dollar and also the purchase of silver, and through that means and demonetization forced the price of bullion below the value of the coin. Having accomplished their purpose of keeping the supply of money where it would necessitate a use of credit, for which they received liberal revenue, these money-loaners have added insult to injury by characterizing the silver dollar, thus debased, as dishonest; and to continue to support them in this piece of treachery by declaring for the gold standard until this money class comes to our relief of its own free will is, in my opinion, a wanton disregard of the welfare of the people.

“With silver demonetized, the maintenance of the one-hundred-million-dollar gold reserve in the Treasury necessary to keep all our money at par and pay the interest on our bonds, I believe, is merely a matter of suffrance of this money class, who can make any excuse suffice to withdraw their pretense of confidence and start a run upon the Treasury, which will cause a panic.

"This is a condition to which a single standard of money brought us in 1893, when the repeal of the Silver Purchasing Act of 1890 was anticipated. With silver again thus thrown down, and the gold largely in the hands of these money syndicates, the result of our financial system induces me to compare it with a game where the professional gambler fixes the cards to suit and when the play is at its highest pitch demands a show-down, knowing that he holds the winning hand.

"If the money monopolies would be satisfied with this big winning and withdraw from the game, we could forgive them and take heart to start anew; but having thus cheapened silver until it is worth only about fifty-two cents on the dollar, they start the cry that the advocates of silver or bimetallism intend to force the country into an embarrassment of depreciated or cheap currency, and by misleading arguments and false statements they succeed in creating the impression that, should an advocate of the free and unlimited coinage of silver with gold be elected President, the country will go to smash forthwith."

Here Mr. Pendleton referred to the opinions of several of the most prominent economists, who had agreed upon the point:

"That the danger of a greater crisis than that which was now on would pass the moment of the election of a President and a Congress committed to free coinage of silver; that silver would begin to advance and gold to decline; that the unusual demand for gold would cease, and it would come out from its hiding-places and go actively into investments before the rise in price of

everything that would rise with the restoration of silver as full legal tender.'

" 'This is a law as inexorable as any of the certain laws of trade,' said a learned professor of economics. 'The wheat in existence is sure to fall in price when it is known that a large, full crop is coming—the effect is felt before a new crop is harvested.' It is the same with money. Gold will fall in purchasing power when it is established that there will be as free and unlimited coinage of silver at its old fixed ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold as there is of gold; and the money class will no longer be able to make silver appear odious as cheap money, or ignore the fact that silver is now worth fifty-two cents on the dollar only because it is denied that equal mintage right with gold which it originally held. We were one of the first, outside of Great Britain, to demonetize silver, and it is no more than to be expected that we should be one of the first to remonetize it.

"It is my opinion that the other nations would follow in line much more quickly than they did when it was demonetized, for the reason that the trade of these densely populated silver-using countries would naturally come to us where it now goes to Europe; and Europe cannot afford to lose it nor the trade of the Americans, who are looked upon as the money spenders of the world."

"You ask me to talk to you," said Bill, facetiously, "so I will tell you of some of the arguments and remarks I heard in California just prior to coming abroad, and of the different phases of human nature that interested me.

"While in Maxville I met a retired capitalist by the name of Bascom. I believe his son is assisting in squandering abroad the untaxed income from the contributions of the people who were unwise enough to invest in Pilgrim mining stock when they were high, and to which the Americans in California are laboring so hard to add. Out of the embarrassment of his riches Bascom the elder has contributed largely to fashionable charities and given munificent sums for the endowment of several wealthy institutions. While he affected a sanctimonious air, his tone 'as he spoke was not only fretful and contemptuous but was expressive of merciless despotism, held in check only by the restraining influence of the law. He railed against the familiarity and lack of veneration of the American people for those whose deeds of benevolence entitled them to every consideration and respect. Knowing a little of his manipulations in the Pilgrim mining boom, I thought it no wonder that the average intelligent American reciprocated his contempt. Sycophants might cringe and bow to the power of his gold, thought I, but to him never; they were too thoroughly imbued with the spirit of independence and hostility, knowing as they did the source of his wealth.

"I met Bascom in Joe Hardy's bank. You remember Joe Hardy, Barbara. He sold the Eagle Mine. No, you must have been too young."

"I remember him, Bill; he visited us once in the camp."

"Oh yes!" returned Bill; "so he did. Well, poor Joe, I felt sorry for him. When I saw him in California

he was seriously embarrassed by the depreciation of values, and did not dare express his real opinion concerning the gold standard for fear of consequences, as I afterward learned. He was arguing on the subject with a man who reminded me some of poor old Davie. He was an owner of real estate, and was largely in debt. Hardy was trying to show that if the silver party got in that the gold would all go out of the country or go to a premium.

"Let it go to the devil," replied the man, for want of better argument. 'It might as well, for all that we get of it; it is going out of the country now faster than it's coming in, and I for one am sick and tired of holding up this gold standard. I would like to know what gold is now if it is not at a premium?

"If you want to know the price of gold since the repeal of the Silver Purchasing Act in '93, try to borrow some on what was termed good security before that time. The people who have never owned anything or have nothing to sell and are fortunate enough to be in a good position, do not realize the meaning of the single standard; but the people in my position know that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. I am only one in millions who was dealing on the basis of a certain amount of money in circulation. The repeal of the silver purchasing law in '93 withdrew the demand for silver. What is the result? Silver bullion is worth fifty-two cents on the dollar. The silver dollar that passes for a hundred cents is worth only fifty-two cents, and its credit, with all the other credits of the world, must be bottomed on four billion dollars in gold.

“With the depreciation of silver everything else is depreciated still more. I have mortgaged property at a double rate of interest to pay interest to this gold monopoly, and then have been forced to sell it at twenty-five and thirty cents on the dollar to get money with which to continue to pay interest. I have been keeping up this funny little pastime for the benefit of the gold standard since '93, and every dollar that I have raised at such sacrifice has been emptied into the coffers of those who have forced it upon us.

“It may be, as you say, that when it is known that the Republicans are to come into power again, confidence will be restored and that prices will advance; but I'd like to know where the world's supply of money is coming from to create confidence or make prices advance with only four billions of gold in the world to divide among one billion four hundred and seventy-nine millions of people with combined national debts, exclusive of all other debts, of twenty-seven billions owing to this gold monopoly, who have the bulk of the four billion to loan.

“And on that same proposition I would like to know where repudiation comes in if we should pay that twenty-seven billion-dollar debt in the same money, at the same value that it was when the debt was contracted, instead of doubling the debt by doubling the value of gold, through the demonetization of silver depreciating all other values?”

“It may be all true what you say,” said Hardy, “but how can we accomplish this without an international agreement?”

“By that same spirit of independence and righteous-

ness that freed America from despotism once before and gave equal rights to mankind. We have demonstrated that we are strong enough and capable to lead, and we don't need to follow.'

" 'But think,' said Hardy, using a stock argument that created the impression that the advocates of the gold standard had the interest of the small loaners at heart, 'what would the man receive who by thrift, economy and good management has accumulated a surplus of money under the existing conditions and loaned it out. Isn't he entitled to consideration?'

'Very true,' returned the dealer 'but is not the sacrifice of the countless millions who are suffering because of this great wrong imposed upon them to be considered in preference to the very few who were fortunate enough to have a surplus left from the hard times? And if the small loaner was able to accumulate under hard conditions, how much easier would it be for him to accumulate under the better conditions that a larger volume of sound money would bring about. Again, if gold would go to a premium, as you say it would, and his contract called for payment in gold, would he not be satisfied with that premium, great or small, made up by silver; which you claim would be worth only fifty-two cents on the dollar, when the demand created by remonetization has made it worth a hundred cents all over the world? The fact of the matter is, the premium will be on silver in the other countries if it all comes here, for they need it there just as much as we need it here. And don't you lose any sleep about the gold going out of the country on that account.

“ ‘ When they say that silver has lost its value, it’s a lie, the price let go as the law let it drop—that’s all; and when the gold bugs say that the law that fixed the value in the gold dollar cannot fix the value in the silver dollar, they must think that the people are all fools. Put the law behind silver again, as it is still behind gold, and gold will come down and the value of the two metals will once more be equal in their proper ratio.

“ ‘ When you come to tell the farmer, as you do the laborer, that the intrinsic value of gold is demonstrated by ten dollars purchasing as much as twenty when silver was money, the farmer knows only too well that it is true; that he not only has to give twenty bushels of wheat for that ten-dollar gold piece, but has to do double labor himself to produce it, and can give no work to the laborer to earn the ten dollars that would go so far, if he could get it.’

“ ‘ Hardy rather got the worst, you know, of the argument all the way through, and when I talked with him privately on the matter, he said:

“ ‘ Why Bill, I know that the man’s head is level on the subject; but if I were to admit my honest sentiments in favor of free and unlimited coinage of silver, the doors of my bank would be closed against me by my Eastern creditors inside of twenty-four hours, and away would go the four hundred thousand dollars of my own money that I have loaned out on these same depreciated securities of which that man tells. I cannot foreclose the mortgages I hold, for the land would not bring the price loaned on them, and it is better to let the fellow who thinks that he owns it stay and pay you

what he makes on his crops and labor than to rent to tenants without interest, who would destroy the property.'

"That is the way the people stand in California and all over the world. Money is hard to get from the banks, because they know that the borrower will not be able to meet the interest payments. In the back streets of Maxville the grass is growing, and you will find very few people who owe money that dare to express their sentiments as freely as the man who talked to Joe Hardy. It is a deplorable condition, and demonstrates quite clearly to what a condition of slavery and fear the people are being reduced through this power."

CHAPTER XXIX.

RELATIVE VALUES OF SILVER AND GOLD.

After the visit of the young orator in the mining camp, Mr. Pendleton had taken occasion to supply his library with standard literature concerning political economy and mineral industry; and from his numerous discourses upon the subject, brought about by the political situation in America, much authentic information was gained. In reply to the Marchioness' inquiry concerning the quantitative ratio of silver to gold, and the average cost of production, he quoted :

“ ‘ The average cost of producing silver to-day is about seventy-seven cents per ounce; for while rare abnormal yields of either metal benefit the discoverer at slight cost, and are usually made public, nothing is ever said of the millions that are expended in developments without results.’ The average cost of production and the selling price of silver is about on a par with the average cost of farm products and the selling price of these products since silver was denied mintage. From mint and mining statistics I have learned that the world's product of gold and silver, which, up to the time of the discovery of America in 1492, was exceedingly small, has always varied largely in quantitative ratio.’ ” Here Mr. Pendleton repeated from memory, interspersing an occasional remark :

“ ‘ From 1700 to 1870, the relative values of gold and silver varied only between the limits of fourteen and a half and sixteen and a half to one, which represented about the average coinage ratio, although the produc-

tion or quantitative ratio fluctuated between the limits of four ounces of silver to one of gold, and fifty ounces of silver to one of gold. From 1800 to 1810 it averaged fifty ounces of silver to one of gold. From 1850 to 1860 it averaged four and one-half ounces of silver to one of gold, while the commercial price remained comparatively steady for two hundred and fifty years. During all these years the market or demand for both gold and silver was due principally to its use as money, and was so wide that it readily absorbed all that was produced; and there was no unwanted surplus to depress the price until the gold standard was established, when silver, no longer being wanted as money, immediately fell in price. The average commercial price of the total silver produced since 1492 has been almost identical with the United States, coining ratio. The production of gold and silver, unlike the production of other commodities, is limited by nature. And while there have been gold-mining booms and silver-mining booms, the increase of supply of both metals has never created any abnormal conditions of good times with the world's population, which has increased proportionately; and to-day, with the silver products rendered useless by being denied equal mintage with the yellow metal, there is no adequate per capita for the poor, while the gold is seldom available to them. It is, as young Brookes stated concerning the markets for products in San Francisco, controlled by the trusts. Gold is kept beyond the reach of the masses, just as farm products and fish are kept from the hungry by throwing large quantities into the bay in order to

receive a greater price for what is left. While the poor go hungry, the farmer is repeatedly told that the supply exceeds the demand, and is returned by the commission man far less for his products than the cost of production, if he counted wages for the combined labor of his family.

"Bimetallism was adopted and the ratios fixed between the two metals for the purpose of equalizing and steadying the supply of money; for it was found that the fluctuations resultant upon the waves of production of first one metal and then the other disturbed the whole financial world, and that the fluctuations under a double standard in the sum of the two metals was much less than in the output of either alone and lessened the importance of one metal against the other."

"The weight ratio of silver is constantly decreasing, and it is now said to be 18 to 1; but according to Statistician McCarty the weight ratio is now only 14.56 ounces of silver to 1 of gold, and the production of gold has since increased over silver, while the commercial ratio is 31.65 to 1. This commercial price of silver is regulated, since the mints were closed to the white metal, by the London money market, which ships large quantities to Oriental countries. Our exports of silver to London in 1895, in excess of imports, were thirty million, five hundred thousand dollars, and thirteen million were shipped from San Francisco to China and Japan direct.

"Now, in regard to the views of European economists concerning bimetallism, Professor Ross of the Stanford University says, in an article I have just read:

'Such men as Arendt, Frewen, Cernuschi, Grenfell and others, seem to believe that the initiative of the United States will of itself bring about an international agreement. Frewen asserts that Europe will respond to our initiative. Anyhow,' says Ross, 'whether we stampede Europe or not by our action, we are certainly sure we shall never get relief by relying on the adhesion of Europe.' Commercial people maintain that without doubt our initiative will force bimetallism upon other nations again, as they would find that the bulk of European trade with the densely populated silver-using countries would immediately be transferred to America, unless Europe accepted their silver dollar at the bullion value to which remonetization would restore it.

"I can understand," said Mr. Pendleton in conclusion, "why none of those smaller nations can singly take the initiative in this matter—they have not the population to absorb the supply of silver that they would thus perhaps receive, while, with a country like ours, we could readily make use of all that came to us; and the free and unlimited demand for the limited amount produced, and its legal tender quality restored, would restore its former price all over the world and thus make it unprofitable to foreign nations to ship silver to us.

"The idea that the advocates of the gold standard advance to impress upon the laborer that the value of the silver dollar will remain but fifty-two cents after a coinage law will have fixed the price and created a demand for silver, is directly contrary to all their teachings of the law of supply and demand."

Here Mr. Pendleton referred with favor to the plank in the Democratic platform concerning the monetary question, reading from a recent American paper:

“‘ Recognizing that the money question is paramount to all others at this time, we invite attention to the fact that the Constitution names silver and gold together as the money metal of the United States, and that the first coinage law passed by Congress under the Constitution made the silver dollar the money unit and admitted gold to free coinage at a ratio based upon the silver dollar unit.

“‘ We declare that the Act of 1873, demonetizing silver without the knowledge or approval of the American people has resulted in the appreciation of gold and a corresponding fall in the prices of commodities produced by the people; a heavy increase in the burden of taxation and of all debts, public and private; the enrichment of the money-lending class at home and abroad, the prostration of industry and impoverishment of the people.

“‘ We are unalterably opposed to monometallism, which has locked fast the prosperity of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times. Gold monometallism is a British policy, and its adoption has brought other nations into financial servitude to London. It is not only un-American, but anti-American, and it can be fastened on the United States only by the stifling of that spirit and love of liberty which proclaimed our political independence in 1776 and won it in the War of the Revolution.

“‘ We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both

silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private; and we favor such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of legal tender money by private contract. * * * * ”

Looking over the balance of the platform, which was characterized by the British papers and American subsidized press as “unconstitutional, seditious and breathing a spirit of revolution,” Mr. Pendleton concluded that its unconstitutionality lay in the blow given therein to the British money interests, and he could not but admire Bryan, when later on he read his vigorous and able defense of the platform in the instructive speech of acceptance of the nomination for President, delivered in New York City on August 12th.

And when he compared the open, manly course which the people’s candidate was pursuing in going among the masses, to that of the candidate nominated through the money classes—McKinley’s refusal to accept the challenge from Bryan to an open debate on the question of so much importance, and one in which he had committed himself contrary to his present attitude; remaining in state closeted, as it were, to receive expensive excursions, arranged with such precision as to proclaim the direction of a master-hand, it appeared to him like a case of the mountain going to Mahomet.

CHAPTER XXX.

RETURN OF THE TRAVELERS TO AMERICA.

With the growing excitement in the political situation at home, sight-seeing began to lose its interest to the Marchioness, whose nature was intensely patriotic. Mr. Pendleton was delighted upon hearing his ward express herself to that effect, and after a consultation with his wife, proposed that they return to America. The Marchioness readily acquiesced, and arrangements were made to start upon the following week.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton and the Marchioness were among the first passengers to land in New York from the great transatlantic steamer. The October atmosphere was bracing, and drew forth an exclamation of delight from the Marchioness as she once more stepped upon her native land.

A woman carrying an infant stood near. She was poorly clad and apparently begging. Her face seemed familiar. Thinking it one of the poor whom she had befriended, the Marchioness approached :

"Why, Dena!" she exclaimed as at last she recognized in the wan faded look of the woman the once pretty face of her former maid. "What does this mean? Whose baby have you?"

"It is mine," replied Dena, hanging her head.

"Yours! Why did you not tell me that you were going to be married?"

"Oh, Miss Barbara!" exclaimed the maid, weeping, "I am not married, and I am not fit to talk to you. Leave me alone, and go your way."

"Poor child," returned the Marchioness, placing her arm about the girl, as she glanced into the face of the babe, which did not resemble its mother yet looked familiar; then, taking some money from her purse, she gave it to Dena and said: "Come to the Waldorf at four o'clock this afternoon. I want you for my maid again, and we will have a talk then."

Dena thanked the Marchioness and promised to obey her request, and with a brightening face bade her goodbye while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Stop! stop! get down out of dat carriage!" spoke an excited voice, in broken English, near the Marchioness, who turned to look upon the speaker, and recognized a fellow passenger in the shriveled form of an Italian. He was followed by his wife and family and servants, and was gesticulating wildly at a plain-looking man who was about to enter the best of the few remaining carriages in waiting. The plain-looking man, however, in whom the Marchioness discovered another fellow-passenger and an acquaintance of the voyage, proved to be the owner of several rich gold mines in California.

"What is the matter," said the miner as the Italian advanced.

"I want dat carriage for my familie."

"There are other carriages," returned the miner, pointing to several remaining.

"I want dat carriage!" exclaimed he, angrily. "You get down out of dat, dis instant! Drivare, I want dat carriage!" he commanded. Here! you policeman; order dat man out for me!"

"But this gentleman has already engaged the carriage," returned the policeman.

"Dat make no differant! I am de Count de Fuigi!" expostulated he, striking his chest and swelling with importance."

"Oh, well," answered the policeman, laughing good-naturedly, "that don't count here. I was a poor boy in the ould country, digging praties to kape from starvin', but I am more account than yez here. Where do you want to go?" inquired he, turning to the occupant of the carriage with a knowing wink, as he twirled his club.

"To the Fifth-avenue Hotel," replied the miner.

As the hackman was about to resume his seat, Mr. Pendleton, seeing that all the other vehicles had been engaged, stepped forward and asked the miner if he objected to sharing the carriage with his party.

"Certainly not; plenty of room inside," rejoined the miner, obligingly. "Get right in."

"What hotel shall I drive you to, sir?" said the hackman to Mr. Pendleton, as he closed the door of the carriage.

"To the Waldorf," returned Mr. Pendleton, and the carriage was driven away, while the Italian Count fumed with rage.

Soon after her arrival the Marchioness prepared to call upon the Gilmans, who had been forced to sell their handsome home under mortgage foreclosure and were now living in less pretentious quarters in an apartment house. The Marchioness was shown at once to their suite of rooms, and upon hearing Harry's voice in

song entered without ceremony the door that stood ajar. He was singing the last words of a refrain, "Safe in My Father's Home." Advancing to the piano before which he was seated, the Marchioness read the title—"Anchored!"

Young Gilman had remained in idleness, a charge upon his father, who, upon the loss of his fortune, had accepted a position in the insurance business, where, upon a salary of five thousand dollars a year he tried to support his family in a style not far below that in which they were accustomed to live.

The young man turned as he finished singing.

"Well! well! Barbara," he exclaimed, greeting her with pleased surprise, as she stood before him as simple and unaffected in manner as upon the day when he first beheld her. "You have not changed in the least! When did you get back?"

"Just this morning," she replied, "and I hastened to call, as we are to remain in New York only for a day."

"Why do you leave so soon?"

"Why, you see we want to get home to the mountains—Bill and his wife and I—in time to talk to the people before election. You know that I wrote you about the romantic meeting of Mrs. Hartwell and Bill, and of their subsequent marriage."

"Yes, it was quite interesting," said Harry. "But how is it that you return without a title, and so unchanged after making so many conquests? I read of your complete capture of society, and your opportunity to be called 'My Lady the Countess,' besides leaving behind a train of sighing swains wherever you went."

The Marchioness blushed and replied: "Count Ivan Nikolaevsk is certainly one of the grandest men that I have ever met; he is a nobleman by nature as well as by title; but somehow I had no desire to marry, and more particularly, to become a denationalized American."

"I don't blame rich girls for wanting to marry titles, though; do you?" interrogated Gilman.

"You mean without being in love with the man who bears the title?" returned the Marchioness.

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference," said Gilman.

"That is simply trading in humanity," responded the Marchioness, with a shudder.

"Oh, well, if you want to put it that way," returned Gilman, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Then you don't blame girls for selling themselves for bread?" said Barbara.

"There is a great distinction between the two cases," he replied, superciliously.

"Yes; but not such a very great difference, as Ibsen says, except in the price. The principle is identical, yet you crush the one and exalt the other. But where is your mother?" said the Marchioness, anxious to change the conversation in which she had unintentionally expressed herself in such decided terms.

"She has not returned from shopping, but I am expecting her at any moment. Be seated, can't you? and do tell me something about your conquests; it will be refreshing after living in this contracted style that poverty has forced upon us," he said, with a deep sigh.

"Things are not as they were before we lost our money."

The Marchioness suppressed a smile at his manner and recalled an argument he had once used, that the rich were simply an evidence of the survival of the fittest; then she took a passing inventory of the luxurious furnishings of their apartments, failing to discover any loss of the costly articles that had graced the drawing-room of their former home.

"I haven't much to tell that you do not already know," said she. "By the way, who do you suppose I met this morning, as we came from the steamer? None other than Dena, who seemed to be begging; she was carrying a baby in her arms, and looking so pitifully poor."

"You did not speak to her?" said Harry, apprehensively.

"Why not?" returned the Marchioness, looking at Gilman questioningly; and as his pale face colored under her frank and open glance, somehow the face of the infant she had seen in Dena's arms appeared to her in striking resemblance to that of the young man; yet it only flitted across her vision for a brief second and disappeared. "I have made an appointment with her to call at the hotel this afternoon at four o'clock, and I intend to engage her again as my maid."

"I'll see that she does not keep the appointment," thought Gilman. "What! Have that creature in your employ?" said he. "I have heard that Dena has turned out very badly; she certainly is not fit to live with you again."

"Is that advice according to your teachings of Christianity?" said Barbara. "I am sure that that simple-minded girl is not bad at heart, and that she must have been the victim of some scoundrel who probably retains his position in the society in which he moves, regardless of his fitness or unfitness, while his poor victim is an outcast."

Dena Detrick had been left a foundling in an orphan asylum, where she remained until she had reached the age of fifteen. She had been out to service but a year when she was recommended as a maid, and entered the employ of the Marchioness. Upon hearing the history of the girl, so devoid of the pleasures that had made her own life seem so like a dream in comparison, the Marchioness felt a profound pity for the waif, who in her infancy had thus been thrown upon the charity of the world. She frequently found herself in her imagination changing places with the girl, remembering how she was indebted to the mere accident attending her birth for the good fortune that had come to her, and that Dena, perhaps, had fate accorded her the same opportunities, would probably have developed and in her way proved quite as acceptable in the position as she had.

When, upon the loss of her fortune, the Marchioness had found it necessary to dispense with the services of a maid, Harry assured her that he had succeeded in procuring a place for Dena in the home of a friend, where she would be well treated, and that she need have no uneasiness concerning the girl's future.

It was therefore with a feeling of indignation, ming-

led with self-reproach for placing any value upon Harry's former assurance of securing a good position for Dena, that the Marchioness had replied to his attack upon the character of the poor girl.

Gilman's face flushed and he looked at the Marchioness suspiciously, being much relieved when at that moment his mother appeared.

Mrs. Gilman greeted Barbara most cordially and settled down for a pleasant chat, whereupon Harry pleaded an engagement and departed at once to look for the girl that he had ruined and forsaken, while he posed as a model Christian. He had been successful in his efforts to win for a promised wife the daughter of one of the wealthy members of his church, in whose office he was soon to enter with a prospect of eventually becoming a successor to the business of his father-in-law elect, and he was determined that no exposure of his wrong-doing should mar his prospects.

Upon returning to her hotel the Marchioness, fearing that Dena might not meet with success in securing admission to her apartments, gave special orders at the office and waited patiently for the young girl to call. She was greatly disappointed at Dena's failure to keep her appointment, as arrangements had been concluded for their departure for the West, and the Marchioness was thus compelled to leave instructions with the Gilman's to look Dena up and send her to join them as soon as possible. Subsequently, upon the report of their failure to learn of Dena's whereabouts, the Marchioness sent a special order to one of the downtown missions, and eventually succeeded in rescuing the girl from a fate worse than death.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE AMERICAN KING.

He had no "business tact;" 'tis plain enough
 He stored no gold while on his earthly way,
 Ill clad was he, with garments worn and rough,
 Scarce knowing how he'd live from day to day
 Improvident! His little all he gave
 To those who need; poor, yet fed the poor,
 And still neglected for himself to save.
 Unhoused, unkempt, they voted him a boor—
 No tact had he!

No wisdom, surely! Why, the vagrant dared
 To lift his voice 'gainst rulers of the state.
 Not e'en the church—God save us all—he spared.
 But scourged alike earth's sainted and her great
 To save a sinner, he—unwise—would say
 That you must touch him with a tender hand.
 Must touch the wretch of coarser, baser clay!
 Say, when was e'er a scheme so foolish planned?
 No wisdom he!

Fanatic, too! He had a strange belief
 That man might reach to heights as yet but guessed,
 And, hoping much, he walked a path of grief
 That they who falter might the more be blessed.
 Aye, thus he dreamed, who doubts the dream was vain?
 And thus he lived, was e'er such folly known?
 Why, when he died, still scouting golden gain,
 His grave was bought by charity alone.
 So unwise he!

"His life a failure!" So I hear you say;
 And who can doubt who looks on earth's success,
 Where gilded folly proudly wears the bay
 And simpering millions haste some knave to bless?
 Fanatic! Yes, according to your rule.
 Foolish! No doubt, in average mankind ken,
 A teacher with one lesson for his school:
 Impractical, with faith in love, but then—
 The Christ was He. —Stockton Mail.

It was long past the hour of midnight, still Harold Brookes sat poring over a musty old law book, preparing for the legal examination that was soon to take place.

Upon his return to California, in response to the summons sent to him in the mountains, he was apprised of the intention of his party to nominate him for Con-

gress for the coming fall election. Knowing that his youth would be against him, and also his inability to meet the expense attending a campaign, he was forced to decline the honor thus tendered him. Again, he realized the utter impossibility of success in competing with a candidate backed by the corporation monopolies which had long been known to rule in the politics of the Pacific Coast; but upon assurance of financial assistance he was eventually persuaded to accept the nomination, and in the fall of 1894 entered the contest with the determination to make a strong fight on behalf of the people. The result proved as he had anticipated. Notwithstanding that the trend of public opinion was strongly evidenced in the election to local office of those who opposed the infamous measures of the monopolies, with two candidates in the field to divide the votes against those cast for the nominee supported by the combine, and the liberal use of money by them among the political leaders of the district, victory with them was an easy matter; and for two years the successful candidate had made himself notorious through the service rendered his masters in the House, thus proving himself flagrantly recreant to the trust reposed in him by the misguided people whose party prejudices permitted him to be elected.

In 1896 the nomination had again been tendered to Harold, but in the Spring of that year he had voluntarily taken upon himself the payment of a debt incurred by his brother, who, through Harold's assistance, had been enabled to join an expedition of miners who had determined to brave the perils of an Alaskan win-

ter in search of the much needed gold. It was, therefore, impossible for Harold to accept the nomination, knowing as he did from experience the strong probabilities of defeat. But when called upon to raise his voice in the interest of the people he was ready, as before, to sacrifice his time, asking no reward but the consciousness of having performed a duty in a righteous cause.

Crowds gathered to hear him speak. As of old he placed the facts before them in a simple and comprehensive manner; his arguments were clear, concise, and unanswerable, and his power to sway the people was fully attested by the frequent outbursts of enthusiasm which his eloquence evoked. He spoke regardless of party; advised fusion of the People's Party with the Silver Party, knowing from the experiences of his own campaign that success to the money power was assured in the division of the people into numerous factions. He upheld the principles advocated by Bryan, and influenced his followers to cast their votes for the man who he believed would be the most successful in bringing speedy relief to the suffering people.

To his enemies, who accused him of being false to his party, he replied with fervency: "I stand for my country, and for the principles most conducive to my country's good, be they expounded by Republicans, Democrats or Populists; it is all the same to me. I recognize in Bryan an honest leader of the people, one who, like Richard the Lion-Hearted 'will have no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up of a gallant empire,' but will make a valiant fight and lead the crusade against oppression.

"In Bryan's election I rest my hope of justice for the people, and in his defeat I see the penalty that we will pay for the mistake."

It was a gratification to Harold to know that his party was beginning to reap the benefit of the seed that he had sown in his campaign of 1894. His successful opponent had been renominated by the political bosses, but mass meetings had been called to give expression to the indignation felt at such a high-handed proceeding and to devise ways and means to defeat the money power in returning their candidate to the House. The steps that the people had taken proved successful, and Harold felt that the object of his life-task was being accomplished.

It is needless to say, however, that the gifted orator for the people was spoken of in sneering tones by the opposing element. Leading speakers stood upon the platform to denounce the principles that he set forth, and in the arrogance born of the patronage of wealth and its continued power, flippantly referred to them as mere phantasms of the brain and unconstitutional. Prominent men and leading statesmen, who were on record for free and unlimited coinage of silver in terms as strong as tongue could express, boldly ignored their former utterances in their virulent attacks upon the only means of securing bimetallism and by their ambiguity confused and intimidated the people. They belittled our country, which had so ably demonstrated its ability and independence, and made many believe that it was a matter of honor to sustain the gold standard until an international agreement could be effected,

knowing, as they did that the monumental faith and patience of the average American in waiting for their oft-repeated promises to materialize was not only due to the people's power of endurance and liberality but to the prejudice that the money power had created against agitators of the truth, and that the safety of the classes in passing through this greatest of all crises lay wholly in the lack of knowledge of the people, of the political scheming of the money class, and this one particular and most important question; for money is the lever that moves the world.

"The strength of a nation (and we might say the world), is no longer measured by the number of its soldiers. Wealth is king in peace and war," so once proclaimed the candidate for Governor of California nominated by the gold party; and, as if to verify his words, at the last moment the country had succumbed to that combined power of wealth. The decree had been sent forth and subject slaves cringed and fell prostrate at the sway of the golden sceptre. Craven souls sacrificed their future in the hope of temporary gain, only to prolong the agony of the struggle, while the sword of Damocles still hung over their heads.

The people of the United States, who had once stood upon a firm monetary basis, and, like Rome, 'defied the world,' had been plunged hopelessly into debt; the foundation on which they stood had been swept from beneath them, and their homes left to rest upon the shifting sand or credit-bubble that the least jar would burst. Thus was America enslaved and degraded, and thus was Gold the American King.

Almost a year had passed since the election of the candidate who promised prosperity. The party papers had attempted to create a belief that the good times had come again, but empty pockets, homeless people and empty stomachs were too strong arguments against the ante-election promises. India's and Ireland's famines had sent some gold into our country for the vast quantity of wheat raised by the tillers of the soil. Some of the farmers were thus enabled to pay up an arrearage of interest money upon their mortgages, and for a brief period a few fancied that prosperity was actually coming again.

But daily contributions of fortunes to the support of the gold standard, daily sacrifices of homes and the fact that money had become almost too valuable to loan and was lying idle in the banks—seemingly for some future emergency—while syndicates, made up of bankers and capitalists, were buying property at eighteen cents on the dollar where people were forced to sell, attested a condition of stagnation far removed from that prosperity that the leading men of the alleged conservative party had patronizingly guaranteed would be realized as soon as election was over and the future position of the United States was assured (to the gold standard party).

In the question of the tariff, which was to raise the price of labor, the people had received practical demonstrations to the contrary.

The anomalous condition of abundant crops and starvation still confronted them, and notwithstanding it was assured that confidence would be restored by electing the party that upheld the gold standard, mortgage

foreclosures and bankruptcies, which they had declared would be the result of a silver victory, were taking place in spite of the forced allegiance of the people involved in debt to the gold monopolist, while many were glad to be thus relieved from the constant strain.

The pledge of promotion of an international agreement upon bimetallism was looked upon as a "farce of the baldest kind" by the gold monometallists, who as a warning pointed to the struggles of the brave little republic of Mexico in her effort to stand almost alone against the combined power of the gold monopoly of the world; while the people were told, and the prejudiced hugged the delusion to their breasts, that times would have been far worse if the man of the people had been elected.

Harold occupied the position of lawyer's clerk in one of the leading firms of San Francisco. He received but small compensation for his services, and much of this went in payment of his indebtedness on his brother's account.

More than a year had gone by since the brother had started upon the expedition so fraught with danger, and only once had Harold received a letter from him. His report had been discouraging and he had signified his intention of penetrating further into the unexplored regions.

Harold rested his chin upon his hands. "Poor Jesse, thought he, compassionately. I wonder where you are tonight!"

Then he pictured him suffering, perhaps dead, his body food for the wild animals. The thought became

too horrible for him to entertain; with a shudder he dismissed it and rose to prepare for bed. For hours he lay and courted sleep, but his brain had become too active. Then he reviewed his life in the mountains, where he had been so well treated during his illness.

In imagination he pictured the Marchioness standing before him in her startling beauty; the brown eyes, sparkling with intellectual light, that first attracted his attention. He recalled the birdlike flutter of her delicate throat as she trilled forth the sweet notes, and the rich full tones of her matchless voice seemed to linger with him as music once heard, never to be forgotten. He longed to clasp her in his arms and tell her of the love that all unbidden had stolen upon him, quickened his blood and set his soul to longing for its mate; how it had proved a disturbing element in his life that he was too weak to cast aside, and that it had awakened in him a desire and ambition to rise for her sake and prove himself worthy of the treasure that held his heart. He sighed as he thought how worse than folly it was to dream of ever possessing that priceless jewel. He had learned of the meteoric career of the Marchioness abroad, and how in the zenith of her success she had modestly retired and been lost to view. He wondered if she ever thought of him, then closed his eyes to dream of her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MEETING.

It was late in the morning when he awakened ; but little time remained for him to prepare for the day's work. While waiting in the restaurant where he breakfasted, his eyes inadvertently rested upon the list of arrivals at the Palace Hotel. Conspicuous for its length, the name of "William Pendleton and wife" first attracted his attention, and immediately following he read : "Miss Barbara Howard and maid." His heart leaped, and when his breakfast was served he scarcely knew what he was eating. "Could it be," thought he, "that in spite of my determination to resist the overpowering passion that I feel for her, her presence so near caused her to remain so insistently in my dreams ?" He dismissed the thought as absurd, and resolved that as soon as business was over he would make a formal call upon the party.

Late that afternoon Harold was admitted to the presence of the one whom he held so dear. With an effort he concealed his great emotion and expressed his pleasure in most conventional language. Why did the hot blood surge up into the face and neck of the Marchioness as their hands met ?

For a moment Harold stood entranced. The development of the beauty of her girlhood far surpassed his most vivid imagination. Her manner, simple and ingenuous, so charmed him that the call which he intended should be most punctilious, was extended far beyond the bounds of formality. Much of their conversation

had been upon the subject of economics, and for the first time in his life Harold found it difficult to confine himself to the topic which hitherto had been so all-absorbing. He could not refrain, however, from expressing his surprise at the depth of understanding that the Marchioness evinced upon the question.

"How could it be otherwise," replied she, "when the foundation was so well laid by you? When I went out into the world of people I daily witnessed the practical demonstration of all the theories which you advanced, and was enabled to connect effect with cause. During the year that we were abroad my heart was ever in America. I was intensely interested in the last campaign and followed almost every detail of the hopeless struggle of the people against the combined power of wealth. At the time I read but little that did not bear upon the subject, taking great care to inform myself on both sides of the question, that I might not become prejudiced."

"I hope your interest will continue," returned Harold; "there is a great field in which to work. We will have another election in three years and this question, like every other momentous one, will never be settled until it is settled right."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LOVE AND HONOR.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, with the Marchioness, had come to California with the intention of making a permanent home on the Coast. Old acquaintances and friends of Mrs. Pendleton had called to welcome them and society had thrown wide its doors to the celebrities; but with the exception of the Merediths and the Wilsons and a few well-chosen friends, the strangers preferred the more retired mode of living to which they had been accustomed; and aside from the charitable duties which the Marchioness had imposed upon herself, and the study pertaining to a training school which she contemplated establishing for a more lasting benefit to humanity, her life was comparatively uneventful.

Barbara had been in receipt of monthly letters from Loy which constantly reiterated his desire to have her visit him in his own home, to which she always responded, renewing her pledge to gratify his wishes as soon as possible.

In spite of all discouragements, Count Nikolaevsk possessed a lingering hope that some day he might win his suit with Barbara, and when she left Paris solicited the favor of a correspondence with her. While his letters, according to promise, were usually most conventional, an occasional lapse betrayed the passion he still retained for her. Barbara now began to understand why her heart did not respond to his passionate appeals, and thought best to bring the correspondence to

a speedy termination, so in a few well-chosen words she signified her wishes in the matter. With the intuition of love Count Nikolaevsk read between the lines of her letter. He realized that his suit was hopeless, but he knew that in his heart he would always treasure the image of "the grand American girl."

Upon their return to the United States, Mr. Pendleton had found it necessary to remain some time in their mountain home to superintend the working of his mines, which had long been producing large quantities of good pay ore. The mountains had lost none of their attractiveness to the Marchioness, but during the latter part of their residence there an inexplicable restlessness had taken possession of her soul. This she had attributed wholly to the void in the old home created by the death of the one she loved so well; but her meeting with Harold had revealed the true cause and the love which until that time had been unawakened. She knew now why the triumphs she had achieved brought her no special pleasure other than an escape from her surcharged nature. She dreamed and sighed as she thought of the insurmountable conventionalities that forbade a woman to tell her love when she knew that Harold hesitated to speak only from motives which he had expressed to her while he remained a patient under her care.

"I know that he loves me," said she; "his eyes have told me what his lips refuse to utter; but they too shall speak, else woman's wit is a myth."

Harold had passed a successful examination and was now a member of the bar, but with overwork and study

his health had suffered. His physician had advised that he make a change whereby he could take a much-needed rest from brain work. Prior to this he had fully resolved to invent some excuse which would result in bringing his visits to the Marchioness to an end, and he now determined to tear himself from the presence of the woman he felt it would be an injustice to ask to share his misfortunes.

In spite of his efforts to conceal his sorrow, his manner was unusually sad and dejected. This resulted in the Marchioness making inquiry regarding his health. He replied that it was not improving and that he had decided to change climate and go to Southern California; that he had called for the purpose of bidding her good-bye.

The Marchioness thereupon concluded from his manner that the time was most favorable to bring about a satisfactory adjustment of future affairs.

Her heart beat almost audibly, but with an effort she assumed indifference and said: "We shall miss you very much, Mr. Brookes. I hope you will return in time to see me married."

"Are you to be married, Marchioness?" he exclaimed falteringly, his face turning ashy pale.

"Oh, yes," returned Barbara, "and I would like to have your opinion concerning the matter."

"Why yes, certainly," he gasped, feeling it necessary to say something; "why shouldn't you? Any advice—you desire—I can give you—I'm sure—may I ask, if I know the happy man?"

"Well, I do not think that you know him very well,"

mischievously responded Barbara, calmed by his perturbation.

"I hope he is worthy of so faultless a jewel," said Harold, scarcely knowing what he was saying.

"Flatterer!" ejaculated Barbara.

"No, believe me, I speak from the depth of my heart," returned Harold with much earnestness, while the perspiration stood out in great drops upon his forehead.

"Really?" responded the Marchioness, laughingly, in a tone that sounded like a challenge and made the blood return once more to the white face.

"But you have not answered my question," said Harold, unconsciously taking courage.

"What was it? Oh! if you knew the happy man? I do not know that he is very happy," returned the Marchioness, with a roguish sigh.

"Marchioness—Barbara!" exclaimed Harold, "don't torture me like this; tell me at once. Is it Count Nikolaevsk?"

The Marchioness looked at him compassionately; her face became illumined with the light of love from within, her gazelle-like eyes looked into his and inflamed his soul with passion. "I will try to describe him to you," she said earnestly, "yet I hardly know how, except that he has a soul that looks from eyes so deep and true that it tells me he loves me as I love him. I love him for all the trials, the struggles and the misfortunes of his life; his very weaknesses render him more dear, more precious to me than were he possessed of the physical strength of a giant. He is self-sacrific-

ing and kind, tender yet brave; he has never spoken of his love to me except with his eyes, which look into mine and say—”

“Barbara, I love you!” interrupted Harold, passionately, as he clasped her in his arms, while an inexpressible light came into his eyes. “Will you wait for me, dear?” he pleaded.

Her arms entwined about his neck. Then their lips met in a lingering kiss.



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